

*By Daniel
Spillane.*

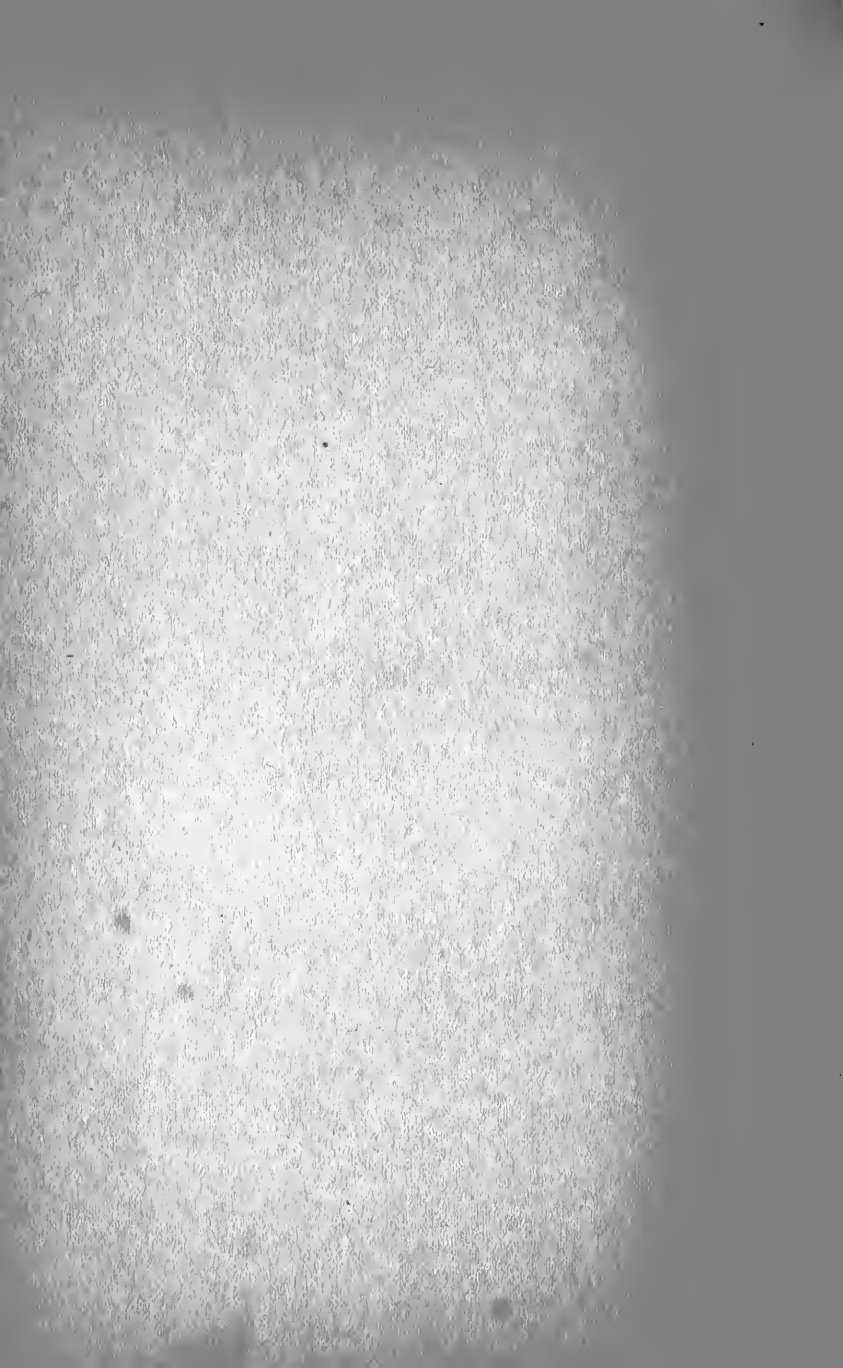


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Minor Chords





Donal Spillane

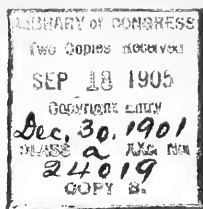
MINOR CHORDS

BEING SOME PROSE, POETICAL
AND MUSICAL WRITINGS *By*
DANIEL SPILLANE



COLLECTED AND EDITED
WITH A PERSONAL SKETCH,
BY I. B. SPILLANE

NEW YORK :
THE EMPIRE PUBLISHING CO.
3 East 14th Street.



TO THE MEMORY
OF
DANIEL SPILLANE

POET, AUTHOR AND COMPOSER



A soul like that of Orpheus who of old
Sang love to all within Arcadian bow'rs;
A mind as rich in music's magic gold
As summer is in sunshine and in flowers;
A genius that could cleave its destined way
To highest heights beyond earth's prison bars,
And soar amid a galaxy of stars,
Had Death not come with ruthless glaive to slay!
Departed friend, and comrade of the days—
When we were boys in Erin's Carberies
On whose dear vales eternal verdures bloom—
I'd wreathe for thee, if living, laureled bays—
Dead, I can only weave thee lines like these
Which I would lay with rev'rence on thy tomb!
EUGENE DAVIS. (OWEN ROE.)





*To the Friends of
Daniel Spillane this
volume is dedicated*

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BY J. B. SPILLANE



IN launching forth this volume to modestly perpetuate the memory of Daniel Spillane, the writer bespeaks for it a kindly reception and a loving anchorage among friends. The work that is here imperfectly performed should have been done a long time ago and would have been done had not several obstacles interposed.

It would have been more appropriate, perhaps, to have "Let worthier hands than these his wreath entwine," but the relationship that existed between the writer and Daniel Spillane was closer even than that of a brother. For thirty years he was the inseparable companion, the loyal friend, in whose joys and ambitions, as well as disappointments and sorrows, the writer shared. None knew or loved him better.

FOREWORD.

The writings here collated are principally poetical. Some of them appeared during the writer's life in various publications and are duly credited in the body of the volume, but the greater part are posthumous. In this connection it is pertinent to emphasize that Daniel Spillane espoused poetry only a few years before his death, and then largely as a pastime—a relief from more serious occupations—although not a few of his efforts have come in for a generous meed of praise.

Hence, what is garnered within these covers may be properly characterized as shavings from a literary work-bench, which have been rescued because in many of them will be recognized the reflex of Daniel Spillane's mind—its purity—its healthy aspiration—that uplifting sentiment that touches the heart. For, as Dickens says, "It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we daily loved in life."

While many of these poems have been "edited,"

FOREWORD.

no attempt at radical revision has been undertaken, as the writer believes it preferable to preserve the structure and individuality, even if insignificant technical errors exist. It is obvious they must suffer for want of that superior revision which the author's pen alone could bestow.

These writings have been selected in preference to some of Daniel Spillane's unpublished prose works, as they reveal him in a new and pleasing light. The essay, "The Reflections of Myyrah the Mystic," which has been included in the volume, has a special and sacred interest, as it marked his last informal literary labors.

If, through the publication of this volume, the memory of Daniel Spillane is kept brighter and his achievements better illuminated, the writer will have been amply rewarded for his efforts.

J. B. SPILLANE.

New York, January 1, 1902.

Two hundred copies of this Limited Edition

have been printed of which this is ❖ ❖

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An Appreciation



IN these pages I fain would pluck some memory flowers to weave into a chaplet to lay upon the tomb of Daniel Spillane, as a tribute to that kind and loving spirit whose genius and goodness influenced all who came within its sphere. How inadequate, however, are words—or at least how lacking is my ability to command them, so that I may fittingly do his memory justice.

Since childhood's sunny days, when the future was undreamt of and the present ever bright, Daniel Spillane's career, from an intellectual or spiritual viewpoint, was one of constant striving after a knowledge of men and things. Year after year, as ideal after ideal was attained, he created new ones and labored tirelessly on, never murmuring at the multitudinous impediment's in life's roadway, but ever seeking for

the greater knowledge that marks the line of demarcation between man and man.

A strange combination of the spiritual and practical was his. Keenly sensitive to the influences of generous human deeds, of nature, and the tenderest touch of art, the mystic spirit that is in creation could play upon him at his will and sound what stops it pleased. Yet, on the other hand, there was the analytical or practical side—the persistent seeking after facts, after truth; the ambition to become master of whatever he engaged in, whether in mechanics or literature. This side of Daniel Spillane's character is best revealed in his labors as a historian. One of our leading critics, writing of his "History of The American Pianoforte" said:

"Mr. Daniel Spillane has the talent of a story-teller. In his 'History of the American Pianoforte' he gives us special history with an investment of general interest. Who does not know the piano as a musical instrument? It is to-day a part of the life of the tenement house as well as the mansion. The millionaire enshrines it in his parlors with inlays of ivory and pearl, and with panelings made precious by the brush and chisel of genius. The working man hires it from month to month for the service of his dowerless daughters and his own pleasure in the brief interval

between his day's toil and the rest which shall recuperate him for the labor of to-morrow. The piano gives mechanical voice to the higher aspirations of the people, because it has within it a charm of melody which appeals directly to the heart, where art and literature demand, also, an exercise of educated thought. Mr. Spillane's work is not only good reading, but it is valuable reading. The story it tells is one so well worth telling that the wonder is it has escaped so long."

Daniel Spillane had the ability to execute prodigious tasks with amazing celerity, and he possessed an ample and ready command of the resources of literary art. An impediment in speech, most marked in youth, played no insignificant part in forming his character. It produced an abnormal sensitiveness of mind which kept him much to himself, studying instead of indulging in the outdoor sports and pleasures so customary to those of college years. Omnivorous reading and a healthy mental digestion, combined with a love for self-communion, laid the foundation for a mind that in maturity was gifted with a delicacy of feeling, an innate refinement, and a fertility and appropriateness of expression that reflected the best sentiments of the soul. To him the earthly realities or material things of life were of secondary interest. He never paltered

with nor fawned on the tedious little self-constituted potentates with whom the avenues of society are infested. In political, religious and social affairs he was ever on the side of truth and right—a hater of sham and hypocrisy and a humble worker in the broad field of altruism.

That the dry details of a man's life which can be stated are but poorly adequate to convey a full sense of what that life really was, particularly when the more important part of it was his intellectual and spiritual experience—is a truth which receives additional illustration in this sketch. The history of Daniel Spillane's mind is written, to a large extent, in his works, and they are the most potent expression of the man.

It was in the year 1861, and near Cork, Ireland, that Daniel Spillane was born. His youthful days were spent in environment which helped to stimulate the love for literature and music which was inherent in his nature. At a very early age he manifested decided musical genius, and before he reached his tenth year he displayed surprising facility of execution on various instruments of the orchestral family. During the two years following he became master of almost all the instruments in the band of which his father was instructor, and later devoted his attention to a study of in-

strumentation—scoring numerous compositions for military bands. When fifteen years of age he composed and arranged several compositions for full band which were purchased on their merits and published by Richard Smith & Son, of Hull, England. The best tribute to his work at this early age is the very complimentary letter sent him by Messrs. Smith & Son. A year later he composed several pianoforte pieces, which were published by Riviere & Hawkes, London, England. Wishing to extend his knowledge and secure a broader field for his labors he crossed over to London in 1880 where he continued his study of composition and harmony, and spent some time incidentally among piano manufactories for the purpose of attaining a mastery of pianoforte construction.

In 1883 he resolved to seek his fortune in the United States, and in the early part of that year came to New York. He soon became connected with the piano business, there acquiring knowledge which proved useful to him in his subsequent career. Ambitious and of scholarly tastes, he meanwhile devoted all his spare time to study. He became a student of the piano, its literature and history, and the result was many important contributions to the musical press.

In the course of time he recognized, in common with the piano trade at large, the absence of any reliable

authority upon the evolution of the American pianoforte and the industry in this country, and in 1888 he commenced to collect facts and data for a "History of the American Pianoforte," which he published in 1890. This was no ordinary piece of literary work, and only people who have essayed the task or gone over the field mentally can estimate the vast amount of work and research entailed in the compilation and writing of a volume of this peculiar character, no investigations previous to his own having been made, nor any facts published beyond a few insignificant fragments. A practical knowledge of the mechanism of the piano, aided by an excellent literary style, enabled him to put forth a volume of some three hundred and seventy pages, which has been characterized by the musical and general press, as a most significant addition to musical literature. It received the highest praise from the press as well as the members of the industry interested, both in this country and Europe, and "The History of the American Pianoforte" immediately took its place and is to-day recognized as a standard work. Through his efforts the remote history of the American piano industry, its antecedents and its people, were rescued from oblivion, while many rare and novel facts were brought to light, all of interest and value to the historian of American musical art. His labors

in this connection were eloquently summed up by Mr. A. J. Hipkins, the eminent European authority on musical instruments and one of the editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* who wrote Mr. Spillane: "I have read your 'History of the American Pianoforte.' It is a remarkable work written with singular ability and impartiality, and I shall be glad to refer to it should I have occasion in any future contribution I may make to piano history."

Not alone by the musical profession were the merits of this work acknowledged, but the Hon. Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, paid Mr. Spillane the signal honor of quoting extensively from his work in an address delivered at a banquet held in this city, April 24th, 1890. He also forwarded him the following autograph letter: "I think your work is a very valuable addition to the scant information we previously had of the beginning and growth of a very important industry." President Cleveland's opinion was reinforced by the kindly words of other men of equal prominence in the musical and trade worlds.

After this period Mr. Spillane devoted his entire time to journalistic and literary work and became a regular contributor to musical and dramatic papers in this city, acting also as New York representative for a London musical monthly. His contributions upon

dramatic and musical matters, and technical and scientific subjects pertaining to musical instruments, commanded at all times the most favorable and laudatory notices from the press and reading public. In the series of noteworthy articles on "The Development of American Industries Since Columbus" published in *The Popular Science Monthly* during 1892, Mr. Spillane was selected out of numerous distinguished authorities to write the articles on pianos, organs, band and orchestral instruments, which ran in that magazine during February, March and April. These articles displayed his thorough knowledge—both technical and historic—of the subjects treated, and were on the whole so comprehensive that they further established his ability as a writer and student of musical history. In the meantime, aside from his work on musical papers, he contributed from time to time special articles, critiques and poems to the *Century*, *New England Magazine*, *Catholic World*, *The Theatre and Truth* (under its former management), a few of which are reproduced in this volume, and numerous short stories and general articles to newspapers. In November 1892 his book "The Piano" was published. This is recognized to-day as a standard technical and scientific work—leading figures in the piano industry have given it their warmest commendation. About

this time he also finished an important work of about three hundred pages which he had been engaged on for over two years, entitled, "American Musicians of Our Time." This, as its name implies, is a series of biographies of the eminent musicians of this country.

During the summers of 1888, 1890 and 1892 Mr. Spillane represented several New York papers during his stay in Europe, from which place he contributed a series of weekly letters on trade, musical and kindred topics which attracted the widest notice. Early in 1893 he became connected with The Music Trade Review as associate editor, and in addition to his general editorial work, he contributed a series of technical articles on the piano and the development of the parlor organ. In July of the same year he became editor of The Keynote, a monthly musical magazine, and during his brief connection with that paper he stamped his individuality on its pages, and would undoubtedly have materially augmented his fame had not death unexpectedly stepped in and robbed his family and large circle of friends of one of the best and noblest of men. Daniel Spillane's short, but busy life, terminated on the evening of October 21st, 1893. His death, shocking in its suddenness, was due to exhaustion caused by inability to rally from a surgical operation.

It will not be deemed inappropriate to introduce

here part of the graceful and lengthy tribute paid his memory by his chief and associate, Mr. Edward Lyman Bill, whose friendship and esteem he cherished, as does the writer to-day:

"A bright young life, full of hope and promise, is ended. Daniel Spillane is dead. Death at all times is sad, but the sadness is intensified when the grim destroyer claims for his own a young, gifted man, just on the threshold of a brilliant career. Daniel Spillane was a rare combination in this work-a-day world. His was a noble mind clothed in a sensitive frame. Since his association with THE MUSIC TRADE REVIEW, everyone connected with this office had grown to entertain towards him feelings of deep regard, and each saw in him much to respect and admire, and it was with saddened hearts we received the mournful message telling of his demise. Mr. Spillane was a man of distinguished bearing, frank and open in his address; his eyes were bright and sparkling, and seemed to mirror forth the brilliancy of his intellect and the tender, sympathetic nature within. His was a sensitive and refined mind, abhorring vulgarity in every form. His heart was overflowing with generous impulses. A man to honor—a man—faithful—loyal—true."

While the foregoing was born of tender regard and an intimate knowledge of the man, the following excerpt from FREUND'S MUSICAL WEEKLY, based not upon personal acquaintance with Daniel Spillane, but rather upon his writings, gives a fair idea of the position he held among his contemporaries:

"With the death of Mr. Daniel Spillane the trade loses one of its best known and ablest writers. Theoretically and practically, Mr. Spillane was a writer of rare excellence. He wielded a pen of unusual force. With the limpid grace of a poet's thought he touched upon matters appertaining to a craft, and in such manner as to vivify them, and make them interesting to the lay reader. His 'History of the American Piano' covers a vast field of research, and every line of it betrays the student. His ideas were always clear, explicit and full of ingenious expression.

"The science of acoustics he had mastered, and his exposition of this subtle study is one of the most entertaining specimens of writing on a purely technical topic which we have ever seen. As an all-round journalist Mr. Spillane was an expert."

Indeed, page after page could be filled with excerpts from the eulogistic notices which appeared in some thirty papers in this country and in Europe in

connection with Daniel Spillane's death, in which his ripe scholarship, fine literary tastes and industry were appreciatively discussed. It is hardly necessary to do so. Meanwhile, all the kind and sympathetic words expressed by the press have been and will be ever treasured.

Many pretty songs and instrumental compositions for the pianoforte, which were published in this city and London, England, are to the credit of Daniel Spillane. He left a large number of unpublished songs and pianoforte pieces, also compositions scored for military band and orchestra. Aside from the contents of this present volume his other manuscripts include a novel of some three hundred pages; a volume of satirical sketches after Thackeray's "Book of Snobs;" a series of essays entitled "Lights and Shadows of Musical History," on the development of form—*oratorio*, *opera*, *cantata*, and the various instrumental, vocal and composite forms which maintain distinct positions in the *æsthetics* and philosophy of music; a number of short stories, technical articles, as well as several dramas and two farce comedies. One of his plays, a dramatization of a novel by Sir Walter Besant, was presented to the distinguished novelist for his opinion, and his criticism of the work was so highly complimentary and practical that he volunteered to aid

AN APPRECIATION.

in its production either in London or New York. Alas, Sir Walter, with honors and fame secure, has also crossed the river Styx, which is "always silently rolling on to a vast undiscovered ocean."

* * * * *

Daniel Spillane was a tireless worker, and his literary labors in the few years of his life furnish evidence of an industry that may be termed remarkable. He was just on the threshold. His position in life was assured and ripening. Time no doubt would have improved his Muse, would have broadened and mellowed its tones and made it vocal with yet more heavenly emotion. The noble instrument was too soon broken; the life that promised so much was too soon quenched in the darkness of the grave. Nevertheless, in what was uttered and what is now preserved there lives a refined and buoyant soul of beauty. He died young when his vigorous constitution gave hope of years of life before him, in which his unquestionable genius would have given to the world the best that was in him. Why such shadows should fall where sunshine made all things joyous is one of those impenetrable mysteries that forever remain unsolved.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day.

Vale, the companion of a lifetime, a wise and gener-

MINOR CHORDS.

ous counsellor, and the kindest, most loving and best
of brothers:

Thou art not idle: in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength, to perfect what it dreamed of here,
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.





Poems



Minor Chords

Gory reamed and silver cloudlets, tuned in fleecy uni-
sons.

The setting sun-orb stealing backwards down the
heaven's grade

In dread and shame commingled lest the blossom
plants—those ones

That need his warmth—should, waking, droop and
pine. Soft music, played

In crooning songlets by the gentle winds, has nursed
their sleep,

And so they slumber while the shadows surge. Like
patient maid

Or watchful mother, now assured, it drops behind the
steep

Blank netherside of Earth from sight. His sentinels,
the stars,

Hung 'round upon the universe, absorb, as mite re-
flects,

And reproduce the light anew in tend'rer rays. No
jars

MINOR CHORDS.

Of world noise, blaspheme the holy calm around. Like
 specks,
 Far off the woodlands rise in shadow on the valley's
 crest.
 Weird spirit forms cradled in the misty founts of
 thought
 Are here,—the silent night is theirs, then tired man's
 at rest,—
 * * * * *
 —And walking through that world's night I listened,
 wrought
 With pain of loneliness. Emotions strange surged in
 my breast—
 Too strange to shape to words or art. Here, reason's
 sway
 Was naught. I gazed far up and hence, and tried to
 measure all
 Whate'er I saw or felt by reasoning rules, but failed.
 The fray
 Of egotisms, clashing in my soul grew stilled. A wall
 Of mystery was spread before my sight. In vain, aday!
 I tried to scale those peaks. "Alas!" thought I, "how
 vain are we
 Of human clay, how little do we know. Alike a pall,
 The circling tides of fate surround our steps. Above,
 a sea
 Of worlds stretch 'way in haze, vast as our most om-
 niscient hope,
 And far more wondrous. And yet, rave we not child-
 ishly?—

MINOR CHORDS.

—We measure life and death by compound rule, and
blindly grope

In sophist's phrase, with what we can't unseal."

And walking so
Within that lonely night, I sought to read the narrow
scope

Of man's perspectiveness. I gazed far up anon; the
glow

And glory of the stars had gone. A little lake, long
wrapt

In shadow, spread unwrap in sight, veiled in a misty
snow

Of beams. I paused to worship the divinity enmapped
Far out before mine eyes, on hill and plain; *for* from
a veil

Of dawn-dim mists, the new-born day was rip'ning,
faintly capped

By grayish fading clouds. I turned to go. The bells
began

To toll for toil. Far o'er the town the smoke stole
through the trees.

Alack! the spell had past, I was again but toiling man.

KING MAMMON.

Oh say, you patriots, if democracy—
Th' ideal that your fathers fought for on
These shores, the hope of millions and the light
That came to lead humanity to heights
Beyond our gauge—is worshipped in the now.
Is “a man a man for a’ that” in the sense
The poet master writes; are excellence
And all the attributes of Truth the tests
By which we measure men of to-day; are
The “higher classes” in our land beyond
Their brethren in a sense of abstract good,
In genius, or in special virtue? Ah!
'Tis sad to see that manhood and the grand
True meaning of democracy is dead
Or past from out the pale of deeds. Instead
Of human Kings we have King Mammon here.
He fills all space and purpose in the realms
Of our philosophy of cant; he rules
Far o'er our land where once the fathers hoped
To light an everlasting torch, to show
The world Christ's own truths. King Mammon reigns
Instead, and worth and honor lead no more.
He opes the door of preference to all.
With gold we earn all prerogatives
And purchase all the choicest favors here.
Alas! We're drunk with the success that comes
From out the ground in wealth, and cannot doubt
The mirror of the truth; our pæan of praise

M E R C Y.

Unto the sender of all bounties has
A flippant and material poise of joy
Like a low pot-house song. Our logic has
A many-sided shape. Our better class
Is that which has the greatest gold, our rule
Is colored with the trickery of wealth,
Our voters but the superstitious tools
Of parties, in the hopes of gathering spoils—
And so the world wags. Is this the best
That you can do? Are these results the light
That comes from freedom of the soul and mind?



M E R C Y.

I.

O Mercy! angel of the wilderness
Surrounding man; pure spirit of the vast
Unsolved, trackless world, in which we're cast
By unknown powers, for good or evil—this
We cannot fathom here; how could hope kiss
Belief in human hearts if all was massed
And sodden blackness; if the virtues passed
Away before sheer unbelief; if bliss
And faith in good had not been given to
Us humankind; or, if, when passion's breath
Surge o'er and sink into men's souls, to brew
Within a hell, thou, Mercy, didst not—set
In radiant rays—dawn in our way anew,
To bring fresh trust, to ease our load to death?

MINOR CHORDS.

II.

O Mercy! spirit of the higher way,
What would the world be if passion's slaves,
And tyrant-kind, were not subdued by waves
Of peace-flowers, hid in music's softest May
Of song, nursed by thy wand; what would the day
Of battle bring, when Right 's o'ercome, when quaves
The soul of pow'rless man, while passion raves
Supreme, if thou, O Mercy, didst not stay
The hand of rude unthinking Force by gleams
Spoke to brute hearts, in thy mysterious tongue;
And yet, how could the right—that man redeems
By force so oft—be tuned to Justice, sung
To higher purposes, if Mercy's beams
Were not within the heart of Nature strung?

III.

O Mercy! angel-spirit of the poor,
Thou ministrant that whispers kindly deeds
To all, to bid us strive to mend the needs
Of all our suffering brethren here, to cure
Their sorrows and their ills, thou art all pure,
Immaculate, with Christ's potential seeds
Of boundless love, that knew no special creeds
In dispensating good; yet thou'rt in newer
And broader missions rapt beyond what we
Can see or tell; thou'rt everywhere at once
Like Nature's vast ethereal energy,
That lives within ourselves. What vast romance
Or poet's eulogy could give to thee
Thy meed, O Mercy; I shrink from the chance.

TERRY McHAYDEN'S WOOING.*

"Arrah! jewel sure, Eileen, I swear by me troth
That the sun has been stealin' bright sparks from your
eye,

And the pure soul that peeps through that iligant spot
—There are two of them *spots* on yer face—faith I'd
die

To be joined to for life; for I'm sure 'tis meself
Would be peepin' at heaven when gazin' far down
In the glorified depths of yer eyes. Yet a pelf
I'd commit sure.—I'm selfish to seek such a crown.

"Ah! thin Eileen, don't turn 'way yer iligant face,
Sure I don't praise yer eyes and their beauty alone;
For yer soul plays in glory all over the space
Of yer nate rounded cheeks. Then yer mouth—och!
I moan

For the want of a word to describe the quare charm
That comes into me heart when its glory I scan
And, och! Eily, yer hair an' yer taperin' arm
Sure they ne'er were excelled since the world began.

"An' yer figure an' form! Then begor one should
peep

At the art works in Rome to behold them surpassed.
Then yer bosom,—och, murther! what language can
leap

To the call of me tongue for to paint it—'Twas cast,
No mistake, for a goddess above, so I think.

*Published in the Century Magazine.

MINOR CHORDS.

And yer—Murther! me lips are now dumb fer to say
What I think of yer foot—Oh! don't blush so like
pink,
Eileen Connor—Yet you look so much purtier that
way."

"Och! then Terence McHayd'n yer blarnified tongue
Like the bard of Dunloe as he sings of the past
Would deludher the birds from the bushes, that sung
Round the old fairy moat all the summer. Sure, cast
Is me heart 'gainst these honified words; for no girl
Could live on swate ranterin' praises alone,
An' no doubt, you've been wanderin' round in a whirl
Sayin' iligant things to the girls of Athlone."

Here fair Eileen made pretence to hasten away
In mock anger that made her look ten times as sweet,
But, Terry her hand seized in tenderest clasp
As he flung himself ardently down at her feet.
"Oh then, Eileen, be mine—darlint Eily! I've love
Sure for you an' an iligant farm in mind
An' "—here Eileen fell into his arms, like a dove
Saying "Och, Terry, you should come long ago to the
pint."

"COMPENSATION." *

How swift time flies! It seems but yestere'en,
 Since you and I were boys, Ned; yet how green
 The old woods seem this blessed, smiling day!
 How young the little river 's yet. Its play
 Goes on as ever through the hazel glen,
 Made musical by its sweet babbling din
 Of prattle, as it onward flows, like life,
 Towards the mother sea.

Ah me! what strife

We two have met, Ned, since the long ago!
 What toil our hands have done; what direful woe
 We've faced and met with darkened hearts, and lips
 Clenched tightly as the storm-cloud broke! Some sips
 Of joy we've drunk betimes—perhaps enough,
 Old friend, to make the sorrow seem more rough
 And blackened by the contrast.

What a world!—

What mystery the hand of time unfurled
 Before our eyes, Ned; yet we're but of clay,
 And made, you know, 'tis said, to be the play—
 The sport of fate. It matters little; we
 Have stood the hustling long, complacently,
 Till now our limbs have shrunken into bands
 Of tightened muscles; till our quavering hands
 Have lost responsiveness unto the will.
 Now sorrow finds no chords to idly thrill,—

*Hugo has somewhere said that there is an eternal Law of Compensation operating in nature; which eloquently suggests to us that human misery in the individual is amply compensated for in the same order.

MINOR CHORDS.

No nerves to touch with cruel hand, save one—
The link which binds us twain unto the gone
And misty past.

Alas! we've heard the wail
Of death full often down yon little vale.
We've followed, Ned, old friend, those ones that fell—
Our dearest ones—and laid them down 'mid knell
Of mourning bells, with folded hands, to rest.
We've seen them fade away, Ned, to the blest
And silent land we know not of. Yet we
Sit here, Ned—you and I—while jovial glee
And God's own light of life lives in the flowers,
Reincarnated within golden showers
Of beams, shed from the sun; while nature's breast
Is decked again with new-born wreaths. In zest
Of joy the young birds sing,—

But Ned, 'tis so—

'Tis so the world goes. Look you down below
And glance upon the fair young ripening maids
Just passing hence and fro. The lights and shades
Of life they know naught of, but careless play
As we once played, Ned. Soon enough the gray
And darkened heights will loom on their world-eyes;
They walk in shadow, misty phantoms rise
About their paths—

But hush! I read a tale,
A message deep, profound as nature's hale
And hoary cliffs of time, which speaks to all
Of perpetuity. For so the call
That means our parting, Ned—the call of doom—

COMPENSATION.

May bring our spirit souls into the womb
In which all life is incarnated newer
And pure to be reborn, or e'en in truer
Guise materialized,—perhaps in one
Sweet concrete soul of higher mold. Hope on,
For life is infinite as are the stars
And served for all eternity. Men's wars
Or pains count little in the vastful aim
Of him who ruleth all. *We've* played our game
As best we could and fearless face the end,
Believing God is just. So when the trend
Of old mortality goes this way, Ned,
'Twill find us undismayed. We have no dread
Of that which bore our dearest ones afar.
Aye, Ned! I feel your answ'ring hand-clasp jar
With trembling sympathy.

See, what a breath
Of heav'n surrounds us! See, the flow'rets ope
To drink the distilled joy; sweet heliotrope
And mignonette are here; they'll still abound
To mingle in fair summer wreaths. The ground
Has blossomed 'neath the subtle charm of God
To beauty, fresh and sweet as e'er His rod
Brought forth. Joy does not fly hence with the fall
Of Autumn leaves, but lives hid in the thrall
Of heaven's mysteries. And Nature's ways
With fruits and plants so speak to all who gaze
Aloft and crave discernment, of peace
Supreme—of living life to never cease
While summers come and go; to be and love

MINOR CHORDS.

With light and flow'rs,—mayhap to sometimes rove
In darksome spheres,—

But, Ned, we long have done
Our penance here in gloom,—the gladd'ning sun
Of day has little shone for us. We've toiled
In curtained rooms for bread, yet lightly smiled
At fate meanwhile with grimful fortitude.
Now cometh our turn, Ned, old friend. The rude
Realities of world-life all shall change
Some day to bliss. We'll walk through pathways
strange,

Death's terrorless for us. And if we stray
Apart and know each other not, to say
Kind greeting such as now, I'll seek you ne'er
In guise of man's rough shape,—we'll leave that here,
'Tis made of earthly clay,—for well I know
That all our kindred souls above shall grow
New eyes to see; shall learn a purer speech.
Thus shall we meet. Let's hope anew to reach
That stage, we'll worship the fair light of truth,
And calmly wait. There are fair worlds of youth
Up in the somewhere of the skies. Depend,
There's better luck in store for us, old friend.

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY.*

Robin Grant wooed Jean McCloy
Years agone, with patient joy,
'Mid the Ayrshire heather.
Ne'er so trusting love as she;
He the soul of constancy
Through all sorts of weather.

"Jean," sang he, "my lassie love,
You will be to me above
All the lassies living;
I will always be to you
Laddie Robin, sweetheart true,
Love smiles ever giving.

"Though the world may bring us pain,
Though the future years contain
Hidden troubles brewing,
We will cheat them with a song,
Fearless in the right, and strong,
Live thus ever wooing."

Blue-eyed Jean but lowered her head—
Pretty head—and shyly said
"Robin, sweetheart laddie,
I shall be your wife e'er,
Loving you for ever mair;
You please speak to Daddie!"

*Published in The Keynote.

MINOR CHORDS.

Two-score years have passed since then,
Robin true and Jean have been
Loving as young lovers;
Time, too, brought them sorrow sore,
Troubles came, small trace or score
Now the eye discovers.

Ask of Robin, old yet braw,
How he found so sweet a law
Thus to cheat time's traces;
"Oh!" he'll sing, "I yet woo Jean;
Love can smoothe with touch unseen
Wrinkles from all faces."

THE OLD VETERAN'S STORY.

THE OLD VETERAN'S STORY.

Our Kurnal was as darned a dude as ever lived. I
mean
Deceitful-like, for when in orniary life, he'd lean
And lounge 'round lifeless quite, no dignarty or fuss
had he.
Oh! Lord, how pious too he was—a Methordist,
thought we;
An' when he took command the fust time, as we lay
in camp
'Fore Pittsburg landin' all the boys would wink an'
kinder scamp
At him just in a funny way. He never seemed to mind
The mockin' goin' on at his expense, no "boy" was
fined;
Although Hank Dickson said one morn he saw his eyes
snap fire
All 'round, we didn't care a peg; but he went sorter
high'r
In our eyes, you bet, later. Well, friend, when fire be-
gan,
Old "Mercy"—as we called him—at the smell of guns
now ran
Up here an' there a bit, an' squirmed 'round; he made
no noise
At first but glared; then he'd look like a prayin' kid,
his eyes
Raised up an' meek-like. Ah! but Scotty! when he
led with us

Into the jaws of battle, you should hear that critter
 cuss.
 Say, friend, yo' never in yer born days saw such sur-
 prise
 As circulated 'mong us when old Pollock drest the byes
 In faultless battle line, when we wuz ordered up. We
 saw
 Him ride along the front before we charged; his lanky
 jaw
 Wuz kinder iron-set and clenched and in his eyes wuz
 hell;
 We in the furthest rank could hear him sayin' with a
 yell,
 "Dress up, boys, all along the ranks; look spruce, have
 ye no pride?
 Why, damn it, boys, you wear the blue; you fight be-
 neath the wide
 And grandest blarsted flag that ever perched upon a
 staff!"
 Oh Lord! to hear him shout and limber-up like, we
 did laff
 With fair downright surprise. He couldn't rest, he
 seemed stark mad
 To see our lines not spruce-like. Lord! how could
 we there be had
 To care for etikette, just as we stood in front of graves
 An' death. The order "Forward!" now surged on
 our ears; as raves
 The lashin' sea, a shout 'rose in our ranks and Lord!
 you jus'

THE OLD VETERAN'S STORY.

Should see that dash for victory, and hear that critter
cuss.

Well, neighbor, Pollock—yes, that wuz the Kurnal's
name—turn'd out

The funniest kind of inconsistent freak you've heard
about.

His pious ways like and his lazy loungin' sort er gait
Would make yer feel like tellin' him to bundle and trot
straight

To home in North Vermont or some sich place—that is
at furst—

But, bless yer! when the first day's fightin' work wuz
o'er, you durst

Not look at Pollock disrespectful. All the boys now
swore

That he was old Napoleon on earth again once more.
We followed with that lanky son of Mars through
many swamps;

Through Summer's heat and Winter's snow; we slept
with him in camps

When many of the boys were frozen in the Winter's
frost,

And fought behind him, till one day—Ah! neighbor
then we lost

That critter. Boss, say 'scuse me 'tis my eyes are only
riled

A bit. He fell dead like a soldier at "Five Forks"
and smiled

A sorter peaceful, like a baby, as we laid him 'way

MINOR CHORDS.

To sleep in kindly Soth'ron earth, although he died
that day

With strong cuss words upon his lips. "God bless
him boys," spake Jim

Marrane above his grave, "his lanky, lazy limbs for
him

Have no more use, he's happier at rest." Ah! friend
I'd give

The last days of my life to fight it o'er again, to live
With him an' all the boys now gone, jus' for a single
fuss

Led by that critter on to victory, and hear him cuss.

A MORAL "POTENTIALITY."

A MORAL "POTENTIALITY." *

In a theatre 'twas. Two brutal men
With features grim and hard sat up aloft,
Up where the humbler go and pay respectful
Tribute to the actor's art, unheeding
Each the others dress and pose. Two men
With nerves a-steeled to tender thrills of human
Sympathy, or simplest emotion.
Two men with impulses respondent to the
Sensual and lower cravings, whose
Moods of love and happiness were only
Such as are induced by food and drink.
To them that problem of all problems, life;
The moral purpose and the future state,
Were all a blank undreamt of and
Incomprehensible.

And as they sat
Aloft and followed out the moral of the
Play, depicted in the struggles 'twixt
The good and bad, 'twixt vice and virtue, and
Enthused did hope to see the woman of the
Piece (symbolical of virtue and the
Good) defenceless, weak, come off the victor;
And at that moment where the hero of the
Play did strike the villain down and rescue
Virtue—innocence—from deviltry

*Published in The Theatre.

MINOR CHORDS.

Personified, the god-like spirit, dormant
Long within their breasts was re-enkindled,
And they triumphed in the triumph of the
Truth, and thus they worshipped at the
Altar of true religion in spirit;
Even while they stamped, and shouted out
Approval of the Arts which realized
That scene and play.

As behind the footlights
Fell the curtain, those two men did turn
Away; for once in years emotional
And humanized. The moral sidelights of
That drama had been vividly impressed
Upon their minds and hearts, had given to their
Thoughts and aspirations spiritual color.
And with these new and strange emotions, came
The mem'ry of long-forgotten lessons
Taught by lips long stilled in sleep of death.
As even while they felt upon their cheeks
The flush of shame they spiritualized
Did face that tribunal of conscience—God—
With fervid, fervent words of penitence,
And vowed to strive and rise above the base,
To raise the spirit of the pure—the God—
That burns within the breast of living man
And womankind, and struggles ever with
The devilish and vile.

But what if those

A MORAL "POTENTIALITY."

Two men did fall again? What matters it
They for once did feel that in this world
Where at this time 'tis fashion to decry,
To sneer at immortality, there yet are
Nobler purposes and ends, than selfish
Striving after things material,
At such a cost as loss of moral honor.
For within each human breast there is
A mystic "something"—name it faculty
Or conscience, as you choose—that teaches good
From bad, and vice from its opposed "pole;"
Even as we feel, when conquering
The baser of ourselves, a lofty sense
Of pleasedness, so pure in quality
And so divine, as if it reached away
Afar beyond our consciences, to Heaven,
To the infinite.

Thus it is shown
That in the life of man, the purpose is
Defined and written by a power beyond
Our ken, as plain as in philosophy
Of tides and moon and stars; or, further still,
That far above the inconsistencies
Of creeds political, or polemical,
Is this star-truth seen, refulgent through
The day, the seasons, and all times—
The acme, root of all philosophy.

But look ye, learn from this allegory

That the actor is a Priest of nature
 And of truth, for he but tries to show
 The life, its weaknesses, and purpose
 By a light approaching fact almost,
 As even it is ever the first effort
 Of the playwright to depict the triumph
 Of the good, obedient to that instinct
 Universal, and the one redeeming
 Trait bestowed upon humanity.
 And know that the Theatre is a Church
 Where men and women learn to worship truth
 In simile, and equally to scorn
 What's base or vile. But first discriminate
 Between true Art and that which is set up
 By vicious and uncultured minds as such.
 For we bespeak and laud but that which tends
 To elevate the mind and spiritual
 Sensibilities, and thus we mark
 The difference. So do not judge the temples
 Reared to histrionic Art to be
 But haunts of sin and vice,
 Because perhaps there are some places named
 Theatres to be found, wherein the "stage"
 Is desecrated, lowered, to suit the tastes
 And concepts of the vulgar crowd, and so
 Be profitable in commercial sense.
 But do not thus misjudge the Actor's art,
 And know it as a moral power for good,
 And the theatre as a schoolhouse and a
 Church combined.

A LETTER FROM SWATE TIPPERARY.

‘Dear Hugh;

Och! I thought all the poets that sang iv the joys
Sure of love’s swate romancin’, and ticklish sighs,

Were as mad as March hares,

Till last week, unawares,

I got caught by the strings av me heart by a charmer,
She is named Mona Clare. I declare she’s a warmer

That I want for me sowl

Very bad. Oh, don’t howl

Wid the laughin’ s I’ll tell me quare tale. It was there
In the town of Rossmore at the “gooseberry fair”*

In swate June that I met

Mona fair, with her jet

Sparklin’ eyes an’ her charms so perfect complately
Now I’m all broken up; for she’s captured me natly,

An’ I cannot find rest,

With the pain in me chest.

“She was dancin’ an iligant lilt in a reel

Wid bould Micky McGown, whin I noticed her heel,

Thin her dainty young foot

On the floor. Ye can put

Me all down just for sayin’ that never such dancin’

Was seen in Rich Kearney’s front room. Oh the prancin’

Was simply divine;

*Borrowed from a poetic old Celtic custom peculiar to parts of the South of Ireland to commemorate the ripeness of that fruit and the presence of Summer.

MINOR CHORDS.

Sure you wouldn't moind dyin'
Beforehand, to come over in spirit to gaze
At me thin, as I met her black eyes. There's a haze
 'Round me heart since that day.
 'Twas the first time the gray
Av me peepers fell on her before in this wuld.
Thin I danced out betwixt her a bit, but she curled
 Me all up. Just thin 'Wait!
 Cried the piper, 'I'm bate.'

"Faith, she captured the hearts av the boys all around
As she knocked out the piper an' me, an' the sound
 She drew out iv the floor
 Wid the boots that she wore,
An' the iligant batt'rin', an' treblin', an' capers
She cut, to McCloud's concert reel, would drive vapors,
 Faith, away from th' moon,
 Troth an' Piper McCune
Screamed so high wid delight as the swate rat-a-tat
Of her feet kept his music agog, that he sat
 On his only silk tile
 Unbeknown all the while.
Oh but swatest of all that the piper sure missed—
For he's blind as a fiddle—was the beauty that kissed
 In a halo her face,
 As she danced like a grace.

"When the dancin' was done I was faint in me sowl
—Tho' not lackin' cheek—as I brought her a bowl
 Of swate gooseberry wine
 From the tap-room, 'twas cryin',

A LETTER FROM SWATE TIPPERARY.

Faith, I almost felt loike, that is wid a quare feelin',
When she drank from me hand and I felt just like
kneelin'

To worship her thin,
And she thanked me agin
In a voice filled wid beautiful brogue, wid no frills
Loike yer English an' Yankee colleens, though thim
kills

Loads of hearts, I'll be bound.
Thin I tried to stale 'round
To git in a nate spache, when her father drew near
An' he beckoned her out. Och! she never come there
Any more. Now my slape
Is all gone wid her shape.

"Yet I'll wait, for begor there was hope in the glance
Iv her eye. Now, an' as Uncle Phil did just chance
For to die, where's the harm
When he's left me his farm.

* . * * * *

"P. S.

Sure an' now I may add to the letter I sent—
Tho' it niver was mailed—that wid joy I am rent
Near in two, for Miss Clare
Will be soon named O'Hare.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"An Honest Man 's the Noblest Work of God."

God, when He bore thy soul far hence
From our dim ways of care and strife,
To give thee joy and recompense
For living nobly in this life,
In His great wisdom knowing best,
He only brought thy spirit peace;
Then why should tears disturb thy rest,
Since joy came with the soul's release?

Ah! yet when those who loved thy face
Gazed on it lying white and cold—
That face wherein the eye could trace
Thy gen'rous nature, true as gold;
The face of gentle parent, friend;
The face of husband, faithful, true;
When mourning thee, death-clasped and thinned,
How could they check the tears grief drew?

Bequeathing those who bear thy name—
Devoted wife and children fond—
The record of a life whose fame
Is written in God's Book beyond,
Thou wert God's noblest type of man,
With honest Irish heart, and smile
Like those soft skies which Erin span,
Disdaining trickery or wile.

THE POET'S MISSION.

Ah! how can souls wrapt up in thine
Control the sorrow which bemoans
Thy absence from the household shrine—
The place the honored father owns;
Yet Faith sends light in such dark hours,
To bid us hope, and trust, and wait
Till God opes up with mystic powers
The treasures past His Golden Gate.

Farewell! dear friend, yet not farewell,
For in God's plans true justice reigns;
Thus, as thou lived on earth so well,
Reward has come to ease thy pains;
And in the newer life He sends
To parted souls through mystery
Then loving children, wife, and friends
Shall join thee for eternity.



THE POET'S MISSION.

Pray, is the poet great, his mission high,
Who aims but to display an artist's skill;
Who decks a trivial thought with art, until,
Like spurious gems which glitter to the eye,
It seems profound and soaring to the sky;
Who sings affected verse our pride to fill
Unmindful of a purpose higher still?
Are poems writ so that the proud may buy,

MINOR CHORDS.

Framed as mere tributes to high life and pride
By supreme law above the verse that brings
The heart to linger where great Truths abide?
Oh no! The poet best is he who sings,
Although in humble text, a song to guide
Humanity to higher paths and things.



THE UNSPEAKABLE.

If we could sing or paint those things which rise
Up to our inner sight in moments odd,
When looking far within with mystic eyes
We see beyond the beaten paths here trod—
Far into other spheres—we'd paint such art
And verse as never moved the human heart.

If we could fashion those emotions strange,
Unspeakable and vast which come to life
In moods within the soul's mysterious range
To bear the spirit from the ways of strife
And shape them in the mold of tone or phrase,
Then would the wide world harken in amaze.

Ah! all we know through signs, by art, or speech
Expressive of th' immortal light in Man
Without our own domain of sense, but reach
A narrow range of chords judged by the span
Of strange emotions latent in our breast—
O, surely, they can somewhere be expressed?

HEROES OF THE HEART.

Who'll be your hero now,
Old mother with the brow
Of care crowned o'er with silvery silken hair?
He that you loved so long,
So faithfully, so strong,
Smiled in your dear old face last week for e'er.

He was your hero bold,
Old mother, in the gold
And gladsome wooing days of years ago;
Then love-light filled your breast,
Then seemed your lover best
Of all the lovers living Earth upon.

And in the wedded years
Where pure love reigned—ere tears
Brought furrows to your once fresh dimpled cheek,—
When walked John by your side,
You ever were his bride;
He saw no change in that sweet face now meek.

Young Ned your hero too,
Who brought those years a new
And sacred joy from out love's mystery—
He marched away to glory,—
'Tis but a simple story;
He died beneath the flag in sixty-three.
Now once fond hearts are missed
And lips that loving kissed

MINOR CHORDS.

To catch love's purer speech, have passed to dust;
 Yet in the heart's recesses,
 Where Hope divine caresses
All wounded souls, abides a holy trust.
 For they're your heroes yet;
 You know they've surely met
Above the vault of death where many meet.
 Gray-haired loving mother,
 Trust! for Faith has other
And purer crowns to lay down at your feet.



"TRUTH IS OMNIPOTENT."

"Truth is omnipotent and shall prevail;"
 Vast words, grand words, which bear an atmosphere
Reflected from eternity. No air
Of classic affectation may assail
The intellect therein: no well spun tale
 Or metaphor is needed to give glare
 And subtle value to this text. Shakespeare,
Whose mystic vision lofty heights did scale,
Ne'er uttered phrase as infinite as that
 'Mid all his lines impressed with genius new
And rare—yet often wand'ring from Truth's paths—
 These words, though free from art's rare charm and
 few,
Shall live when Shakespeare's name no meaning hath;
 They link us to the stars from where we grew.

LESTER WALLACK.*

Lower the lights, hushed be the throng, attune
 The music's tones to themes of sympathy
 And gentle grief—for past away is he,
 The Stage's Wallack,—past, alas! too soon
 For art's beneficence. Gone with the boon
 Of gen'rous love and priceless kindly words
 From friend and foe alike, to make a June
 Of smiling flowers and peace, and singing birds
 Within his ebbing soul. For, passing hence,
 'Twere sweet to know that tender, earnest words
 Of prayer sad hearts were whispering, intense
 With grave solicitude; to feel the dense
 And solemn mystery of death draw near
 With loving voices by, bespeaking hope
 And cheer. But of him be it written here
 That well he played his part in life. The scope
 Of eulogy is concentrated there
 Within that simple phrase. Could heaven hope
 For more from mortal here below, 'mid strife
 Of earthly inconsistencies and woes?

* * * * *

We do not know, but mourn a single life
 Gone out upon the mystic tide, which flows
 Unto God's kingdom of infinities.

* Published in The Theatre.

THE STORM AND THE DAY.

The boding Storm grew angry with the smiling day
And landward swooped in furious rage, all black
with haze—

So black that far into the heavens sank away
The Sun, as if affrighted by the Storm's dread gaze.

And Day, deserted by the cheering smiles the Sun
Had lavished in its wiles, felt fear and great unrest;
But getting strength anew from out its fears—did run!
And flee across the Earth into the litten West.

Pursuing,—following up the chase the Storm flew,
And would have seized the prize had not the Earth
awoke

To pity, and to save the hunted Day it threw
Its darkened side against the vengeful tempest's
stroke.

'Twas thus the timid Day was saved behind the Earth,
And beamed with fervid grace again upon the slopes
Of the Antipodes, as followed on, alert
With glorious speed, the Sun alight with lover's
hopes.

The baffled Storm, enraged at the escape of Day,
Now wrestled with the Night in blindest wildest
mirth

THE STORM AND THE DAY.

Of deviltry; coquetted with the Ocean's way
Of calm, and toyed with Nature's works as if to
flirt.

Upon the Ocean's bosom, placid short before,
The ships did ride the foam-flecked waves with
corded mast
And quiv'ring spars, to drift and mingle with the soar
Of clashing seas, and helplessly were flung and cast.

And Nature's woods and valleys moaned in weirdsome
waves
Of sighing sound as if in pain, while mothers scared
By anxious fears, strained to their bosoms little babes
Protectingly, and shudd'ring men but listened—
stared.

The monster Storm grew tired soon, and breathing
hard
In fitful gasps dissolved itself to rest and quiet;
And mountain slopes and rolling meadowlands were
marred
With darkness, for the Day had carried off all light.

From hiding—nestling—in the baylets of the dells
And zephyr hermitages of the lakes—came forth
The gentler wind to usher joy, and seaward tells
The storm-tossed sailor of fav'ring gales and port.

And good old Father Time informs the absent Day,

MINOR CHORDS.

Which rising eastways on the edge of Earth, so
 peeps
With curious gaze, clad in a misty sheen of gray
 To know if all is calm, and if the Storm sleeps.
So reassured with joyful speed it bids its mate
 The Sun to come, and soon the Earth all o'er is
 bright,
And Nature beams again in color tints, elate;
 On Ocean white wings skim, and everywhere is light.

THE PRICE OF GENIUS.

Yes, to the dreamers—pale with pain of bearing to
the world new thought—

Yes, to these dreamers hollow-eyed and worn, O man!
you owe what brought

The world liberty,—what struck the scales from off
your faded sight

To show the road to broader, richer heights of pur-
pose and of right.

Yes, to the fearless thinkers of the pen who nobly faced
the stake,—

Yes, to those men of shape like me, with iron wills
that never quake

Or swerve, O man! you owe releasement from all
bondage of the mind;

They forged the sword which cut your chains, despite
the rage of tyrant-kind.

Yes, to those men of dauntless speech who preached
the tale of newer truth,

Yes, to those men with grim-set brows and face, O
Man! you owe the youth

Which springs with freedom's sanctity. They strug-
gled, fought, and died for you,

Yet, not in vain, for from their souls the tree of human
progress grew.

Yes, to those living men of thought and speech grand
in their pallid gloom,—
Yes, to those noble men so fondly treasured in tra-
dition's womb—
Wrought in the sculptured stone, writ in the scholar's
tome, or poet's lay
Of praise—we owe the light and strength which helps
us on our upward way.



UNCHANGABLENESS.

Oh! think you not that life shall cease
When we shall pine and die.
Your book may end, e'en as our lease
Of life—we know not why!

The scroll we humans write will pass,
The parchments fade and rot,
Our fairest temples sink to grass
In time and be forgot.

And all the inspirations wrought
By subtle art and hand
On nature's face must die; nor thought
Nor prayer can bid them stand.

All things that mortal workers give
Must change to mould and clay;
But life enduring e'er will live
While man's works fade away.

FRANZ LISZT.*

Great spiritualist of art who moved the keys
 T' invoke with subtle touch sweet mysteries,
 From out the world of sound, grave reverence
 Is yours by due; not for whatever dense
 And saddening cares your music helps to send
 Out of our lives, nor for your gifts. We bend,
 O Liszt! our heads in memory of you,
 And ask not even what you were—the few
 Are only perfect; neither can it be
 Of aught avail to seek the mystery,
 Which wrapt its shadows round and near, and gave
 You birth; nor do we wish to haunt your grave.
 We only mirror in your living name
 And vast conceptiveness, that mystic flame
 Which in dark hours of doubt lights up the path
 Athwart infinity and man. 'Tis that
 Strange light relit in you, O Liszt! which thus
 Invokes our pæan of reverence; with us
 Who love your art you ever have a niche
 Within the Pantheon of our hearts; your speech
 Of tones we treasure too. Betimes you rise
 From out the depths, *for genius never dies.***

*Published in the American Musician.

**The individuality of true genius lives forever incarnated in the works which it has helped to create. In considering the quality of this subtle essence, all thoughts as to the medium's personal character have to be disconnected, and separately estimated.—*Mazzini*.

“LOVE’S OLD, OLD TALE.”

“Love’s old, old tale” they say; yet, is Love old?

Has God’s own heart the attribute of age?

Are stars and universe writ in Man’s cold

And formal book of time, upon its page?

Were souls begotten from the recent years

Or do they breathe the life breath of the spheres?

“Love’s old, old tale” men sometimes say in jest;

Yet, is Love old? Are murm’ring sea waves young?

Or voices waking longings in Man’s breast,

Or mystic tone-strings in the storm-clouds hung

To yield the thunder’s song while heaven plays,

New phases of the world’s life or ways?

They write “Love’s old, old tale” in poet’s guise

While paying tribute to its soul and birth;

Yet, is that Light which Love brings to all eyes

When spirits meet, a fleeting flame of earth?

Pray, can you trace its source or being scan

By processes or things begot by man?

“Love’s old, old tale”—and yet, these words are just

And often uttered in sincerest praise;

But oh! how feeble language is to trust

For measuring those things, which have no days!

Ah! only when you reach th’ Eternal light

Can you give Love the value words can’t write.

MATT CAREW'S PROPOSAL.

MATT CAREW'S PROPOSAL.

Faith! my Yankee colleen there's no doubting your charms,

Though I can't help confessing my Irish heart warms
To the colleens from over the sea,

Ah! then sure, darling, love is a soaring sensation,
That in truth makes the world seem as only one nation;
Now don't laugh, faith! it ain't flattery.

And when first in New Hampshire I saw your sweet self,

Tripping past, down a green country lane, like an elf
Clad in Tipp'rary beauty galore,

Though you're Yankee all o'er, faith! I felt my heart talk

In a queer silent tongue, and I blushed like a gawk
As I caught the bright light your eyes wore.

Ah! my fair Yankee queen sure you're fit for a throne;

Though your name wasn't christened Victoria, I own
That won't bother a Kerry gossoon;

After all 'tis a very good job that them queens
Cannot buy all the things God's equality means
For the daughters of mankind, *aroon*.

And to talk like the scholars do, isn't it queer

That the sweet tongue of love that we, darling, speak
here

MINOR CHORDS.

Lives for all like the light of the sun?
And no quarrels of congresses, nations, or Kings
Can avail 'gainst the curious sensation that wings
Its bright way from Dan Cupid's stringed gun.

But then, Mabel, *machree*,—(what an iligant name!)—
Since you're partial to me—now, don't laugh at that
same,

Ahem! faith, can't I tell by your eye?—
Will you mind if I whisper a secret so sweet
That 'tis jealous I am of the ground 'neath your feet—
Will you?—sure 'tis no use fighting shy.

Though the Carews of Kerry for courting were
famed—

Please don't look so coquettish—my heart was near
lamed

Till I met you; I swear by my troth!
But see now we've been talking a half-hour or o'er;
Whist! a rap! murther! joy! Then you love me?
Great Moore!

What two sweet tasting lips you have got!"

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

We watched—my friend and I—the summer sun
Grow old and die behind the lake,—flooding
All its paths with a new and varied hue
Too delicate and mystical to catch
From inorganic earth and duplicate
By painter's art.

And sitting there,—down where
The lawn sloped to the fastly dark'ning stretch
Of water, which spread before our sight till
It seemed to sink and disappear into
The sky of dawning night,—we talked in quiet
Voices of many quaint and eerie things,
As if inspired by impulse caught up from
The shadows—weirdly stealing on us with
The time and place.

And said my friend, when we
Had paused in silent reverie a while,
“Just look you on that bed of summer flowers
Beside the pathway yonder. What a change
From a while ago, when they did gladden
Nature with their lovely hues! See now their
Colors; tints have followed onward with the
Sun and light, and sped to other worlds—
Perhaps. Who knows? For when the poet sings
In simile of flow'rs and plants as only
Borrowing their varied tints from out the

MINOR CHORDS.

Summer sky, pray may it not be but so?
For poets gaze with a vision—subtle,
All-seeing,—afar beyond mere science,
Into the very womb of earth.”

And I
Did listen silent thinking out this queer
Conceit, when from the lake shore crept
A boat, all lighted up with spectral beams
And color lights, and dimly we could trace
Within the little ship happy careless
Mortals; pilgrims too from out the cities’
Strife and din, e’en thus be-stealing
Out to breathe with nature on the lonely
Lake. And presently new forms enwrap in
Artificial lights slid out from where the
Forest trees threw buried shadows on the
Water’s breast, and laden with magicians
Skilled in acoustic art—for to our ears
The sounds of music came deliciously
Yet, mysteriously,—co-mingling with
The evening shadowtide, and wakening chords
Coincident within our souls.

Soon—as
We lingered there entranced, enwrap up in
Our aimless talk, and yet enthused with all
The dimful spirit-ecstasy allied
To worship of the beaut’ful in nature,—
Which is but materialized in Music,

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Poesy, and the color arts,—a young moon
Hied to earth and creeping shyly from a
Veil of clouds, lit up the lake, the landscape
And the woodland glades with soft and lustrous
Holy light, reflected from the parent
Orb of day, now shedding color dew far
'Pon the antipodean continent
And turning toward the flower beds,—my
Student friend and I,—we saw that subtle
Color life had come again into the
Blossomed plants: yet not the hues and tints of
Day but moon-tints potent with symphonies
Of color mystery, and we let out
Our hearts in reverence, and worshiped at
The mystic source of nature's mysteries,
In silence with ourselves.

The night waxed late
And the stars shone out in faithful contrast
To the maiden orb of night as if they
Gleamed but by gracious condescension of
Their Queen, and were in fear lest they might but
Pollute the dominant hues shed from and
Enfolded 'round the orb of night by the
Old sun himself. And anon the pleasure
Barques we hear returning homeward to the
Shore, as silv'ry voices chant their tend'rest
Songs of love, and the occult emotions
Thrill us in a subtle and mysterious
Manner born of the place and time.

MINOR CHORDS.

For it was past the midnight time; strange hours:
When lovers' songs seem but misplaced, yet tinged
With curious pathos of sincerity.
And it was now that all one half the world
Slept, when little children slumbered in each
Other's arms; when tired men had wearied
Of the strife, and laid their limbs and outworn
Faculties to rest, releasing for a
Brief interval, the spirit force,—the will,
The "ego"—which freed from bondage—duty—
Upward, onward, flies unerringly to
Its source, the Supreme Source, from whence come
Music's symphonies; comes love; come color
Harmonies, and all those sweet and holy
Concepts of a better life, and higher
State; of angels, flowers, peace, and friendship.
Incarnated with the purest spirit
Life.

And silence soon intensely wrapt the
Placid lake, the forest trees whose shadows
Answered back against the moon, the woodland
Slopes, and glades, and all around; and now the
Queen of light shone brightly with new courage
Seeming fearful of the world's noise all
Through the early night.

And we two heeding
Our tired spirit's call for rest—recess—
Did turn homeward, with new impulses

THE OLD PIANO.

And thoughts impressed into the storehouse of
The mind, and chastened—spiritualized,
By communion with nature's God,
Wiser of a secret, too, that teaches
Where true happiness and sweet peace abide.



THE OLD PIANO.

The old piano's strings long years in vain
Dumb restfulness, and songless all, have lain—
Dull 'neath the touch of rust and time.
To-day a hand has tuned those strings anew,
With much solicitude, for long the dew
Of grim decay had dimmed their rhyme.

New hands glide o'er the yellowed keys along,
And hammers dust-bound in their centers long,
Leap up in joy to kiss the strings;
A wail of tone sobs forth, antique, yet sweet;
The past seems living here once more—to greet
The few friends left—on mystic wings.

And what a tender, hallowed joy seems waked
Within its aged wood-heart long opaqued
And shut out from the light it wears.
Till fancy, linking hands with that sad tune
The artist plays, brings up a long-lost June
Of bliss gone with the silent years.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIFE.*

Friend, "higher up"—that is a motto true;

Yes, higher up, and higher yet—aye more
Attune life's actions to these phrases few,
And struggling, sometime you will sight a shore
Which skirts a mystic land that lies us near—
A land of harvest days and harvest cheer.

Yes, "higher up," and never cease to strive
Though ways be weary and the landscape dim;
Though falt'ring hearts may somewhere fail to drive
The engine of the muscles, nerves and limb;
Though passion's voice and sin grow strong within
To cast the spirit down, yet strive—you'll win.

Up, higher yet! Each triumph of the will
From time to time exalts the abstract soul
If what we seek within life's weary mill
Is born of spirit truth, and if the goal
And purpose of our reason's fight be pure
And consecrate to things that must endure.

Again higher still; although the ways beyond
Seem not now pregnant with a recompense
God pays his debts in gen'rous drafts in hand
And years are as but moments in his sense.
For with each triumph gained fresh strength is grown.
That is God's spirit law; the debt he'll own.

*Published in The Catholic World.

CONSOLATION.

CONSOLATION.

Oh! teach me a prayer; a prayer not selfish,
Only something broad in thought and wish;
A prayer not for the few who think with me
But breathing hope for all humanity.
And thus not for our daily bread I'd ask—
Alone these words are hidden in the mask,
Sometimes, of bigotry. My prayer would fain
Be eloquent in simpleness; yet gain
Its glory from a boundless creed, as broad
In love for all our brothers here as God
Is infinite and just. 'Twould be a prayer
Symbolical of nature's truths, and fair
With hope for man and womankind, as flow'rs
That spring like magic from sweet April show'rs
And sun, which lend to barren earth their spell—
For nature's laws are just. And e'en I'd dwell
Within my inmost heart for power to cry
Unto the timid ear of man,—to dry
His sad and scalding tears, and fill the world
With hope—Look up! Have faith! Though often
hurled
Down to despair. Oh! cease your idle fears,
Doubt not God's compensating Hand that bears
The verdure to the naked Winter trees,
That clothes the bushes with fair flowers. Hark! bees
And birds are coming on its magic tide;
The glorious Summer soon shall here abide.

MINOR CHORDS.

Thus, compensation lives within our sight.
The loving faces banished in the night
Of years gone by—those voices now no more—
Were our affinities. That force which bore
The flowers and summer joys to earth, shall give
Us back those joys, thank God! Thus let us live!

THE NEW SPRING.

THE NEW SPRING.*

Lo, Spring is in the air! The olden sun
Is rising in th' infinity of space
To shed new summer rays; our dearth has won
His sympathy; for he has seen the face,
The bleakness of our world side,—the dun
And loneliness,—and conscience has begun
To prickle in his heart. So he will hie
Full soon to bear those mystic tints—yet none
Of dark—unto the landscape's breast, and joy
Will spread o'er nature everywhere. But by
A law supreme in nature's mystery,
Our summer flowers, their em'rald hues, the coy
And fragile forest joys are loaned us, be
It not forgot, and in due time shall flee
Again, back to the counter-side of earth
From whence the sun now bears them stealthily;
And when within his heart he brings the mirth,
The gladness of new light, when our desert
Of budding spring has set in sunshine's glow
O'er earth around, let us be-learn a pert
Yet subtle truth, that as the seasons go
And change to stern opposites of light—
Of light and dark; of cold and heat—yet so
It's truly ever with the joy and woe,
The contrasts of our lives; for sure as night

*Published in the Theatre.

MINOR CHORDS.

Has day, and surely as the winter's blight
Swift flies before the spring, there yet is balm
For wounded hearts somewhere; so sorrow's fright
And wint'ry sighs of care, before the palm
And flow'rs of that new spring shall go, and calm
Shall reign, and life be as a holy psalm.



WORLD-WORN HEARTS.

O world-worn hearts, awearied, sore from toil,
Fain would you falter in this path e'en while
The heaven peaks just dawn on the sight—above,
Fain would you faint and sink the faith and love
Of patient, trusting souls into despair—
That, yawning, circles 'round us everywhere.

O world-worn hearts, e'er struggling bravely on—
E'er struggling with a heavy load upon
A track as compassless as fate—a course
As measureless as God—led by one source—
One supreme source of light—which shines afar,
A beacon to tired eyes—a mystic star.

O world-worn hearts, thus labor on and up—
Up toward that shining star. Th' elysian cup
Of joy is there. With instinct born of truth
You see it is the soul that of all those mute,
Unspeakable, divine desires we feel,
That whisper "Peace—peace and eternal weal!"

THE SOUL OF TRUTH.

THE SOUL OF TRUTH.

Think not, in jagged ruts of narrow creeds,
Be ever true, unto
Your conscience—God—all you
Who love the freedom of the soul—its needs.

Think not, to imitate, as others would
But use the reas'ning spark
That glimmers in the dark
Of man's instinctive will, to light the good.

Think not—as narrow doubters, sneerers—say,
And harden not the heart
By “affectation's art”
To inspirations Heaven sends always.

Think not as science sometimes bids you think
Nor figure out the soul—
The mystery—the goal,
Its destiny, in “symbols” wrought by ink.

Think not nor dogmatize as others do,
About the mystic “link,”
Which bids our spirit think,
And joins us to the Whence from where we grew.

ENVOY.

And you who've climbed the peaks and roundward
gaze

MINOR CHORDS.

With vision keen, enfortified, by force
Of pure philosophy,—Oh, cast no haze
Of empty doubts or fears on man's drear course,
Nor take from him the holy faith he prays.



GONE AND DEAD.

Gone!

And dead, they say. It's only home
A chafing spirit 's fled; as he
Long pining in a prison dome
Or cell, looks back with ecstasy
Upon once captive walls, anon
Bethinking freedom's real'ty
He homeward hastens quickly on.

Dead!

And cold they say. It 's only clay
They know and speak about; for he
Who tenanted that lifeless ray
Of nature's art, and brilliancy
Of subtle beauty light, o'er shed
Those features, stilled yet beautified,—
Has only been released and fled.

AN INVOCATION.

AN INVOCATION.

I.

Give Hope a flower—the fairest flower the garden
grows or gleans
From Summer's breath, at golden noon when sun-
light's life-blood sheens,
For it brought us gold, it brought us peace, it brought
us Springtime's glow,
When hearts spoke quick to dreadful fears—grew faint
with unseen woe.

II.

Give Love a kiss—a sacred kiss as mothers give their
young;
Or faithful hearts bestow in sweet salute, that language
sung
And mirrored by the painter's hand, the poet's pen,
it gave
Our lives a charm that banished dark despair; Love
knows no grave.

III.

Give Charity a prayer—the sweetest, noblest prayer
you've learned
Which speaks in deeds—not empty creeds that human
hopes have spurned
And gibbered at the cry to heav'n that rent the stricken
soul,
But the broken and contrite heart Thy Truth gives
peace, makes whole.

MINOR CHORDS.

IV.

And yet give Faith a hymn—a hymn sincere, and
strongly full

Of ardent gratitude—the blessed Faith so beautiful
To earnest, honest minds—'tis only Faith in God and
Truth

That gives to life its blood—our hope in man, eternal
youth.

M O N E Y.

M O N E Y.

"You pretty child," I gently said, "your pennies jingle
gay,

Pray, what does money mean to you; what does it
bring, now say?"

"Oh! money, sir," the child cried pert,

"Buys all the precious things on earth;

For money father works and toils, and mother with
it brings

All good things home. Oh! money, sir, is what makes
crowns and kings."

"You, maiden with the red blush fair upon your cheek
of youth,

Pray what does money mean?" I said, "you seem so
full of truth."

"Oh! money, sir," the maiden said,

"Buys love and light, buys joy and bread,

Buys everything upon this earth, in palace, home, or
hall—

Where love of truth is dead or dimmed, without truth
we must fall."

"You, mother gray with honored age, pray what does
money mean?

Can it turn back the wheel of Time, or win back
beauty's sheen?"

"My son," she said, "it buys for me

MINOR CHORDS.

Sweet emblems of life's mystery ;
It brings me music from God's fount, sweet flowers
and song of birds,
All tokens of th' immortal life without our range of
words."

"For you, O father, bent and stooped, pray what can
man's gold do?
How can it bear young fresh life to your shrunken
limbs anew?"

"My son," he said, "it buys my heart
The essence of kind words and art,
And e'en it buys my children's love, the reading of
God's text,
A thousand joys; aye, more, it lights my road up to
the next."

Then paused I near a prison cell, and spoke I to the
guest:

"Pray, brother, what does money mean to you cast
down, opprest?"

You live in chains and gloom." He spoke
In bitter curses: "Money broke
My mother's heart, it brought my soul a raging pas-
sion flood,
It stole my honor—worse, O God! it spilled my broth-
er's blood."

FUTURITY.

FUTURITY.

Not for ourselves alone we fear the dark
Strange dream of death. Not for ourselves we fear
That time when earthly signs a passing mark
The soul's new spring, ere our new eyes shall peer
Upon strange scenes and things. We do not dread
The coming life—the mystic brighter light—
But here below our souls and loves are fed
And nurtured—warmed by kindred souls; our fight
With earthly cares made easier still by kind
And patient friends. So when the parting's nigh
Our thoughts are not of selfdom, but behind
We glance into the memories past, and sigh
Because we do not know if, in the future life
Before us set, we all shall meet and live
Forever side by side, in new worlds rife
With all that 's good and true. For as we give
Those latent dreams of new futurity,
The sunshine of its hopes and sorrows gloom
Commingled to the pure maturity
Of friendship's love—to those dear hearts to whom
We're joined by holiest ties. So 'tis the shroud,
The passing hence away, the darkened room,
The sorrowing ones, we fear, and not the proud
And transient sleep of death, nor yet the tomb.

"SLIMMY" THOMPSON'S SISTER
SUE.

"Say, boys, who would you do the most for?
—if it come to choice, d'ye mind?"

Asked Tommy Graves, one evening, of the boys
who crowded round behind

The big ice-truck of jolly Bob McCann
on East Broadway, near Pike,
Back in the early days of "fifty-nine."

"Why, what a question!" Ike
McComb did cry, and all the crowd did laugh
at Tom. "Well, I, d'ye see,"

Said Sam Duval, "to drop all jokin'—

I would do de most for she,
Me mudder, to begin." "And you," asked Graves,
just in a casual way

Of "Slimmy" Thompson. "Oh, don't bother, Tom,"
said he, "you're off; but say,

Just have you got a chew?" Ned Skelly
said, "Well, fellers, I would do

The most for"—here he laughed aloud—

"for Slimmy Thompson's Sister Sue."

* * * * *

Two years passed over since that summer's
eve; the youths down on that street

Had many grown to men, and gone away
to fight, or die, and neat

Sue Thompson's brother "Slim" had buckled up
and gone 'way with the rest,

"SLIMMY" THOMPSON'S SISTER SUE.

And all the girls mourned. Ned Skelly, too,
 had joined the boys who drest
In blue, one winter's day. His heart was filled
 with mingled tears, and joy,
For he was parting from some one he loved,
 yet grief he stifled dry.
The day for marching came, and as the regi-
 ment passed old Broadway through,
A sobbing girl wept out for Ned—
 'twas Slimmy Thompson's Sister Sue.

And later in the years one day
 there was a fight on Fair Oaks' ground,
A gory fight, for those that fought
 on either side were grit, and bound—
If bravery and zeal could do it—
 to be best, and in the fight
Where'er the fighting maddest was,
 the banner ever up in sight
Was carried by the dauntless 61st, all "boys"
 from New York State,
With hearts as staunch as ever brave
 Virginians faced in battle's hate;
A Union soldier with familiar face
 fell in the battle's breath,
And in his hand he clutched the staff
 that fury could not check, or death
Hurl back. And as he yielded up the flag
 to gallant Jim Carew,

MINOR CHORDS.

He muttered, "Jim, lad, give this badge
to 'Slimmy' Thompson's Sister Sue."

* * * * *

'Twas in the early days of "sixty-six"

a few boys of the ward,

Who chattered idle talk that evening back

in "fifty-nine" stood guard

Around the bones of poor Ned Skelly.

One had brought them from the ground

Where loving hands had marked the spot

just where he fell, within the sound

Of strife, yet, as he often wished in life.

Ned was an orphan lad

With none to mourn he sometimes said, unless—

and here he would grow sad,

And silent be. No matter now, he had

one heart that loved him true

'Twas she who bore him North to rest—'twas

"Slimmy" Thompson's Sister Sue.

LOOKING FORWARD.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Oh, the new hope coming
And the new songs humming
 Their way upward from nature's breast!
Oh, the new springs springing
And the joys they're bringing
 Unseen, unfelt to give life zest!

Oh, the sweet fresh faces
That the eye now traces
 Dim in the future here to reign!
Oh, the brave souls speeding
Through the distance, reading
 The world's woe to help its pain!

Oh, that glorious morrow
When the men who sorrow
 In narrow grinding ways shall pass,
And when Christ is living
In the world giving
 His light of truth to all, not class!

Oh, 'tis coming surely
Is this future purely
 When truth shall reign, and all be just.
But ye needs must labor,
Up with sword and sabre
 Of Right clutched firm, who'd reach there first.

MINOR CHORDS.

SOLICITATION.

Lend us a Light, O poet with far eyes!

A Light—a spirit Light—from out your heart;
A gleam refracted from the depthless skies

Which lie beyond the mental sight or chart;
Those rays of Light which mingle in our life
And touch a sense above material strife.

O mystic, seeing far! Lend us a Light—

A gleam of lofty thought from out the stars,
And do not measure it in logic's sight,

For many here are weary of its wars;
But make it manifest through art or song;
'Tis pure emotion makes the spirit strong.

Lend us a precious Light, O poet friend,

And poise the mirror of our soul to truth
So that the rays reflected here may tend

To raise our thoughts above our day or youth;
For we are weary with the silent few
Of striving only for the things we do.

MOLLY BRAY.

MOLLY BRAY.

"Don't ye think ye could love me a bit if ye tried

Molly Bray?

Sure what tay

Is to woman's faint narves, love is just to the bride,
Or to every colleen, be she single or tied.

"Don't ye think ye could love me a wee bit, asthore,

Moll aroon?

Sure what June

Is to birds, and the swate purty flowers, love is more
To the heart by compare, for it cures ev'ry sore.

"Don't ye think ye could love me, oh! just the laist bit,

Molly mine?

Sure what wine

Is to wake, failin' hearts, love is to hearts that's lit
With the fire of devotion. See! all lonesome I sit.

"Arrah! Moll, must I think ye can't love me at all?

Sure for you

I would do

Anything on this airth that devotion could call
To man's aid. Now ye turn yer sweet face to the wall.

"Oh, thin, fair Molly Bray, though yer mouth doesn't
spake,

I still wait

MINOR CHORDS.

Though 'tis late
In the night, for a word or a token to take
Wid me, wrapped up in hope. Oh, to soothe my
heartache!

"Sure I've loved ye for years until now, Moll
asthore—"

Here Moll said
With a red
Blushing face, "Arrah! Barty ye'd see, if ye wore
Any eyes in yer heart, that I love ye galore—

"And I wouldn't stand listen to ye in that way
All the night,
And the light
Burnin' low an' me father in bed, if yer say
Wasn't plazin'." Said Bat, "Sure that 's plain as the
day.

"An' now, Molly my own, since we both have con-
fessed,

Sure I see,
You'll agree,
As yer head's stuffed with iligant sinse, p'raps 'tis best
That you'd fix the ould man. Here,—an' I'll do the
rest!"

DECORATION DAY.

DECORATION DAY.*

Flowers and gentle plants placed o'er yon grave
By loving hands, as tributes to the dead
Who sleep beneath the mound in nature's bed;
They breathe on world-worn doubting man that wave
Of comforting philosophy they crave.
For as we looked up into heav'n with red
And inflamed eyes and wounded hearts, when sped
The dreaded angel Death with ruthless glaive,
And thenceforth doubted, yet you planted there
Frail flowers in humble faith knowing that o'er
The Winter storms, the sun of Spring would bear
The immortal force that rules all nature's store
And give them full maturity, O fair,
Ripe flowers! 'tis thus the dead shall wake once
more.



LOSS AND GAIN.

If we had never sorrows to repair
Or aching voids within our hearts to fill;
If never Winter came to blight the fair
Young Summer of our spirit, heart and will;
If we lost nothing from our cup of Spring
But walked the golden path, each one a king,

*Published in The Catholic World.

MINOR CHORDS.

How could we strive to reach or yet conceive
Of all those sorrow joys for which we grieve?

If we had never known the treasured past,
 Its spirit face and many nameless ties;
If music's chords were never sorrow cast,
 Or flitting o'er our life no changing skies;
If all instead was one enduring day
Of purest pleasure—all one festive May,
How could we bear life's many arduous cares
Or pure delights—its laughter and its tears?

CONTEMPLATION.

CONTEMPLATION.

'Tis sunset; now the Master-Painter draws
His brush, though imperceptible, and gauze
Spreads o'er the evening sky till misty white
Dims all the canvas overhead. The bright
Warm sun that glowed since morn has gone, and hence
The red-tinged glory fled that lay immense
Up-piled where dawns the even star. And lo!
The Artist of Infinity, doth show
The magic of his hand. In darker hues
He, with a subtle grace, new light imbues
The dim o'er-arching colored dome of heav'n.
And even as we gaze in vast unstriv'n
Wonderment—to seek the cause—the Hand
That works such art—the sky grows darker, and
Of the canopy of night, behold,
A diamond-studded vista is unrolled!
I know not art of such wise; I but paint
In poet's words a phase of nature's quaint
Though oft-repeated trickery. The force
That operates within that readless course,
And shapes the destiny of night, enfolds
Our lives—yes! that I know—its future molds.



*Poems Set
to Music*

L. O. F. G.

THE MUSICIAN.

Ballad.

The Musician
(Song Poem)

Composed by
Daniel Spillane

Voice

Piano

Sweeter than music of the winds at sea when summer waves in distance

ebb and flow Gliding from tone to tone of mel... o... dy in

wind...ing tides be...low are happy strains the young muse

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MINOR CHORDS.

is... iam plays glit- ing in rapt ueneth her ar dont soul The

heart leaps forth in yearning and a - maze to reach some rad iant goal, some

rad.. iant goal

Treading with hope the

THE MUSICIAN.

wondrous mass of art her worlds a mirror of some o...ther clime

res.
and other thoughts are weaving there a part are weaving me no more out.

hom. *res.*
line out line life in rare moments is a mystic dream to

you...ies in those sunny hours at...note Thus borne up on the wings of

MINOR CHORDS.

bless au prême, sweet, vis ... ion off dream, land float

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a half rest followed by a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, and a half note F5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some chords and moving lines in both hands.

** So the evening twilight * broke, a - pace, a*

The third system of music shows the vocal line starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

cross the shadows of the am. ... bre. room. Light ing the beauty of her.

The fourth system of music shows the vocal line starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

THE MUSICIAN.

win...some face chousing the darkened gloom, 'til

with the solitude and silence came, new inspirations laden

with strange joys and raptures lived she communed with Art's pure flame, for-

getting aught of Earth, its cares and sighs

MINOR CHORDS.

Scotch Ballad
allegretto

Jocky McTavish

words and music by
Daniel Spillane

Violin

Piano

com. moving

(1) Jocky could woo like a gent as mon tho his hands were tanned and

worn; and braw Jocky could woo like a knight of yore tho his

con.

plaid and kilt were torn aye braw Jocky McTavish a

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JOCKEY M'TAVISH.

acc. *dim.*

braw lad was he, in Ar-gyle-shire no loo-er so gay and it

troubled him not if a lass loved him less, for he courted an other nest

dim.

day sing, ing hey bon-rie lassie there are many more left in auld

Scot-land or over the sea But you munna for: get that you

f

MINOR CHORDS.



Jockey could woo like a Scottish chief
 Tho' no sword or shield wore he.
 Aye, young Jockey could sing like a heather lark
 With a heart and spirit free.
 Till one day near Loch Lomond he met Jennie Wayne;
 When they parted he parted with bliss,
 For he left in her keeping his stout Scottish heart;
 He now says it was caused by a kiss.

Refrain, Singing, Hey bonnie lassie, etc.

Jockey could woo like a gentleman,
 Till he missed his heart one morn.
 Then he traced its home with love's keen eyes,
 While enthralled he cried forlorn.
 "Oh Jennie, sweet lassie, your lad is undone
 Will ye'"—here Jennie simpered and sighed,
 And they sealed love's compact; now Jock chaffs as of yore
 Tho' the lassie he loves is his bride,

Refrain: Singing, Hey bonnie lassie, etc.

JUST AS OF OLD.

Ballad.

Just as of Old. Daniel Spillane.

Once

Now

Just as of old I watch the golden bars that fleet with an her

all the western sky, I'm just as of old the first flick'ring stars

pop sky ly from their watch in high, the drow...sy sheep bells

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MINOR CHORDS.

lull the listless ear, the sleep- ing lit- tle glimmer on the stream, the

bell tolls soft by from the tur- ret near and up in love's sweet re- v- ry

cres *dim.*

dream and wrapt in love's sweet every. dream

JUST AS OF OLD.

The first system of music features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "I feel sweet Kiss-es wander through my hair, and".

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ten... der Kiss...-es press my burning brow, en thrall'd as by a spell".

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I linger there for love's sweet glamour is upon me now I was".

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "love's first dream and thought passed a-way, still sweet to me its".

MINOR CHORDS.

ing moments seem as in the gloaming of the dying day Rapt

in sweet memories of the past I dream

Those soft sweet fin-gers clasp my hand no more, no gentle voice is

JUST AS OF OLD.

whispering in mine ear, but sweet --est music of the days of yore

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

steals softly as I linger here, O sweet dream of love though

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, with some chords in the right hand.

faded now for aye bright in my soul they living memories gleam

The third system shows the vocal line with a half note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a half note D6. The piano accompaniment features more complex chords and arpeggios in the right hand.

Cres. when in the silence of the dying day just as of old once more I dream I *dim*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note E6, a quarter note F#6, a quarter note G6, and a half note A6. The piano accompaniment features a final chord in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings 'Cres.' and 'dim' are placed above the vocal line.

MINOR CHORDS.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "dream Just as of old once more I dream I dream". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords, including minor chords, in the right hand, and a simple bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with more complex chordal textures in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

dream Just as of old once more I dream I dream

'TIS FREEDOM'S FLAG.

Dedicated to my friend Rev. John P. Chidwick the gallant chaplain of the "MAINE".

'TIS FREEDOM'S FLAG, THE PEOPLES FLAG

Words by D.S.

Music by J.B.S.

Maestoso.

PIANO.

VOICE.

1. Colum. bi . ans when your ban . ner waves to kiss the joy . ous skies — What
2. 'Tis a flag that came from free . doms loom its staff grew on that tree — It first

heart that lacks the pat . riots spark where . in proud love wont rise — For 'tis
kissed the breeze on a sum . mers morn to sig . nal lib . er . ty — It ne'er

linked with stories of death . less fame stories writ in the nat . ions breast — 'Tis the
flat . ter'd o'er mock crown of king or once symbol'd a ty . rant's will — 'Tis young

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MINOR CHORDS.

Refrain.

sym. bol of coun. try home and right, And in free. dom's font 'twas blessed. — Then
 free. dom's flag the peo. ple's flag And it floats o'er a na. tion still. — "

cresc. *ff*

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp). It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

fling its folds un. to the breeze — Each true heart loves its precious sight — As a
 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

ff

The second system continues the musical score. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

torch it stands to guide the world to lib. er. ty and right. —

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

ff

The third system of the musical score. The piano part continues with the same harmonic structure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

ff *D.S.* *fz*

right.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It includes a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano part features a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand. The lyrics end with 'right.'

'Tis Freedom's Flag, etc.

THE SINGING SANDS OF DONNIE.

Scotch Ballad. 'The Singing Sands of Donnie.' Words and Music by Daniel Spillane

Violoncelle

(1) By the singing sands of Donnie, where the Heather hills slope
(2) By the singing sands of Donnie, They had wandered oft and

bonnie down to mossy, mossy
times had lis - tened to the sands low o'er; and they

maid in love's spell dreaming, winsome was her face and beaming, beaming
heard loves story ring'ing, in the mystic sands and sing'ing, sing'ing

MINOR CHORDS.

cre.

with a grace and beauty fair to see
to their hearts a soft and gentle tune.

and this maiden oft did wander when the
But there came a day of sorrow, for Brawl

dim

one star shone to ponder, ponder with a heart from love and care bowed down, Turn there
No bin went to borrow, from a land a far a share of for times store, And he

Robin from her parted when he left her broken hearted, in the years ago to win her fortune
Sailed on morning early 'cross the sea with partly, partly sails spread out to reach a d's tant

1st and 2nd verses *3rd Verse.*

Crown
Shoe

(3) after

THE SINGING SANDS OF DONNIE.

many years of biding by the singing sands felt chiding, He was one day wandering listless and heart-

worn, When she heard a crow that bourned chords from the heart that sorrow, sorrowed

for the past and Robin she did mourn When he: looking o'er the ocean, She be-

held a ship in motion coming 'cross the Scottish sea with pinions fair 'Twas he,

MINOR CHORDS.

Robin rich returning to his Jeanie with love burning, now they dwell beside the singing sand for

o'er, they dwell for o'er for o'er.

Rit



*Reflections
of Myyrah
the Mystic*



THE midday sun was lighting up the beautiful valley of Gath with its rays, when I descended the narrow road which led from the home of "Myyrah the Mystic" to the world beneath. After many years of effort and earnest desire I had visited the venerable mystic, looked into his fearless, calm eyes, touched his hand, sat with him in communion; aye more—I had broken bread with him and slept under his roof as an honored guest. When the hour of parting came with its regrets and dim, unspeakable emotions, he placed in my hands a paper which he said contained a few thoughts which might be of assistance in the more vital issues of life's struggles. "The paper you hold in your hand," he said, "contains only a few gleams of elemental Truth. These gleams are reposing in the Bank of the Universe," he added; "present the draft to the cashier, my son, and you will be paid. That is merely a mystical exemplification of the art of reading; for our brothers ordinarily speak as

though the books and scrolls we mortals write contain the essence of the ideas and emotions their words merely represent. If the philosophy of life unfolded in my 'reflections' serves to broaden your vision and brings you into touch with humanity—since you cannot aspire to God otherwise—perhaps in the after years, you may have them published. They may help other seekers after light in this world of ours, so wondrously beautiful; yet so fraught with despair and darkness to many." He ended, and divining that the parting had come, I stooped down and kissed his extended hand reverently; then I turned slowly away. When night came I was far on my way homeward. From the MSS. given me I have selected the following. To be comprehended they must be studied earnestly; meanwhile the reward may repay the effort expended.

* * * * *

"As men are born so I, 'Myyrah the Mystic,' was born. There was a new and beautiful light in my mother's eyes as she looked down into mine on that eventful day which thrust me into a world of spirits, called men and women. Yet this world was not strange to me, although I now know that they referred to me in reverent tones as 'little stranger'; for as I opened my world-eyes I caught reflections of my tiny soul in other eyes around and my ears drank in sounds of love and affection with a sense of latent intelligence, which came from the depth of the mystery which surrounded my coming hither, a mystery so profound and

beautiful that even Science—which now absorbs the superstitions of the learned and which assumes so much of infallibility—has not yet bared to the irreverent eyes of Man.

“But all men and women, like me, are born in that mystery, just as they move in mystery, only to disappear into its bosom in a few years—a commonplace fact, sublime in its relativeness to duty and life, beside which the quibbling of philosophers and doctrinaires, in sociological questions and all else, are as Man’s energy compared with the infinite energy of the Universe.

* * * * *

“In reminding our brothers of an inevitable effect which follows birth and living on this earth, I, ‘Myyrah,’ have no pessimistic purpose in mind, for I am an optimist. Though as a child at the feet of the philosophers, I do not sing of the cold realities, possibilities and discords of our sphere alone. Nor do I follow the cold, precise language of ordinary prose; for as verse elevates the expression of ideas above the hard materialistic atmosphere of conventional speech, so a higher vehicle is needed for contemplating and conversing on our wonderful life and world than the mechanical forms of the pedagogue and proofreader.

* * * * *

“Looking back upon my long life—now when the rime of nature’s white has come into my once

MINOR CHORDS.

dark hair and over my eyes, once bright, steals the film of physical decay; when my ears no longer hear with the sensitiveness of youth, and all the material faculties through which life and soul are manifested are surely failing—yet I feel within me a divination which unites me in growing and growing bonds of tenderness and mystery to the soul and life of nature out of which I, as an infant, came. And I cherish no reluctance to embrace a state which is as closely related to me as my birth, or the earth upon which I have been a temporary visitor; an earth that, perhaps, has been a purgatory through which qualification was vouchsafed me for a higher life.

* * * * *

“Looking backward over the development of my life and world-soul through the dark years which were once mornings, noons and eves—days, weeks and months—of light and joy, with nights and seasons of sorrow, too—I only wonder with awe and a reverent pride in being a tiny atom in the infinite scheme of the Universe while participating in its abstract life, to which all men are related; for I behold in my life an object lesson in the meaning of existence.

* * * * *

“Recollection goes backward to a boy who, like other boys, loved the spirit of laughter and restlessness above that of thoughtfulness and repose, which characteristics come only with the growing maturity of the mental faculties, a maturity which finds its real

goal only past the threshold of Death. Thus it is, the healthy and educated human mind never ceases to absorb the reflection of the life around it until it ceases to be. And the boy I see through the fond eyes of memory becomes more sedate and meditative as he grows older; he wonders, he craves to know the meaning of everything around, and in his inability to comprehend easily he finds an impulse which urges him forward on and on. That boy is now the gray-haired man called 'Myrrah the Mystic,' a title given me in years past because of my tendency to look on apparently insignificant things in life through the glasses of the mystic.

* * * * *

"As I grew to manhood there came a factor into my life named 'books,' in which I discovered strange elements; though in the eyes of my companions they possessed no element of mystery. And out of the soul of books came forth visions, impulses, yearnings, and a myriad of emotions to me—some curiously familiar, some thrilling me with inspirations which were often appalling, sometimes sad, sometimes unutterably pleasurable, sometimes lending to my mind a strange—yet not strange—and wonderful strength they called 'moral.'

* * * * *

"But I asked myself if all these new emotions were really 'new' and original? Because effects cannot be produced without basic conditions, or causes, and

since there exist natural and spiritual law behind all material and mental manifestations, so it must follow in line with all known phenomena that these sensations I deemed new and strange were not really foreign to my being, only in a sense of being further removed than others from my intuitiveness.

* * * *

"Then as the years sped I found that, like all men, latent powers were hidden in my soul which could only be rendered manifest by cultivation, study and effort, just as ordinary talents in music, art or other expressions of natural endowment can be brought out and improved by the conventional, yet mystical, exercise named 'culture.' It is a truism, as indisputable as a mathematical principle, that the sense or Intelligence which enables us to discover reflections of our own souls—which is the key to life—in the heart of books, in the personality of friends and foes—reflections both of harmonies and discords—in the majesty of the elements, and the infinite life of the ocean, in music, in art, and everywhere in Nature in short, cannot be cultivated out of nothing; while every soul is capable under certain conditions, latent in the individual, of being cultivated nearer and nearer the plane of Perfect Beauty, Perfect Harmony, Perfect Love and Perfect Intelligence, which are the major attributes of the higher life of the Universe.

* * * *

"Aye, for it is clear to him who has a spiritual

sight—even without delving in the labored and oft-times affected ramifications of philosophic schools—that Man is but a part of the soul of Nature, partaking of and refracting its discords and harmonies in speech, actions, art, and all else, for how could he otherwise recognize reflections of his consciousness in so many mysterious guises if he did not belong to the universal system?

* * * * *

“Meanwhile, know, ye doubters and rash sceptics, a purely scientific truism; namely, that what we know as intelligence and consciousness are not bounded by the length and breadth or confines of Man’s anatomy, nor come merely from the material forces generated by digestion, but exist primarily in the heart of Nature, in which he breathes and has his being; not in himself. And growing bolder upon the premises of physical phenomena, I repeat, with a due respect for the sages, that Man’s life—meaning his inspirations and actions—are not bounded by the confines of his anatomy, because if you put him into a closed compartment and cut him off from the Universe by pumping out the air which connects him with the Universal Soul, his life goes out like that of a lamp which is extinguished by the displacement of air. Aye, and in the process of pumping the air, his very soul and life are pumped out. This is no mere metaphor; it is a demonstration of Man’s relation to God.

“For another exemplification of Man’s immortal

attributes turn you to the phonograph, and as you listen to a piece of music, or a human speech, in which you find reflections and phases of various emotions, stamped with the psychic individuality of the speaker—emotion meanwhile related to you and me in proportion to the capacity of our personal constitution, intelligence and receptivity—and ask yourself does the phonogram or wax cylinder contain the manifestations heard within its intrinsic or ponderable structure? The first obvious fact apparent will be that the instrument is only a medium capable of conversing, reproducing acoustic effects. If a human voice speaks from its depths, the voice of seer, sage, or friend, parent, or relative, awakening echoes or reflections of joy, sadness, love, and the correlative or varied emotions within our breasts such as we experience in our world life, pray where is that voice? Within the limits of the phonograph case, you will say. Thus I put the paradox. Ah! foolish men with the eyes only of the worldly-wise, know that as Man cannot live, or create thoughts or speech in a vacuum, or as sound can not be generated in a vacuum, if you place the phonograph in a vacuum out of which the breath of the Universe has been pumped—to assume such a possibility—only silence will result.

* * * * *

“And is it not clear by the Light of Science that as Sound or any ethereal, imponderable element can not be made manifest within material limits which

shut out the Universal Soul, so it is that all phases of emotion in art and speech coming from out the phonograph cannot be reproduced under similar conditions, because they are not limited to the mere constitution of the instrument. Furthermore, know that all manifestations of the Intelligence of the Universe or God, which Man alone is capable of manifesting in proportion as he rises higher and higher toward the plane of Perfect Intelligence, in inspiration, word and deed, cannot be limited in theory to the material limits of Man's body.

* * * *

"Meanwhile he, gifted above all things on earth with the attributes we know of, molds words and tones into forms of intelligible and subtle acoustic art from out of Nature in which he lives, and gives that wonderful and mystical instrument, the phonograph, the power to call them forth from the Infinite Source at the will of other men. Yet let us not think in our worldly narrowness of vision that we can shut out the Life around and make these messages manifest, for the curious indentations on the phonogram only represent a draft upon the Bank of the Universe which is faithfully paid on demand. Sound, which is the chief psychic telegraph between us spirits named men, is indeed a fitting medium to serve our exemplification.

* * * *

"The psychical spirit which is hidden in the con-

stitution or organization of words and musical tones in which we find reflections of our own souls—reflections of harmonies or dissonances according to conditions—dare I attempt to fathom? No, no! Only when I analyze the Eternal Light beyond can I comprehend such mysteries. I only know that my vigils and studies have taught me the meaning of the immortal life in which I exist, move and think, like all men; just as the poets and mystics divine of higher planes of Intelligence, Light, Harmony and Love, beyond the limited range of words to express.

* * * *

“That the Eternal plan is all-just and merciful I, Myyrah, know, because as our mental vision broadens and our sensitiveness to pain and the lower passions increase with our mental and spiritual development, so we become more callous, less sensitive to pain and terror, less capable of apprehending their purport, as we degenerate backward into the animal sphere, out of which culture, secular and spiritual, alone can raise us.

* * * *

“Moreover, consciousness and life go out before severe pain and disease—just as the penalty of sin and ignorance becomes stamped on the face and personality of individuals—while, on the other hand, the law of progression tends first to physical, next intellectual, development—ever tending onward and onward. But these are fleeting emotions beside the cul-

tivation of the spirit by which the soul is given newer and newer sight as we toil upward, until with the natural decay of the healthy developed organs, as a beautiful flower cultivated by the immortal sense of the gardener bursts forth from the external covering of decaying fibre, giving forth its glory beyond the atomic and imperceptible source in which it grew, so the soul on eve of death thrusts aside the useless material environment in which it toiled upward, thus awakening to a higher consciousness and mission to the sight of other eyes beyond.

* * * *

“But, to alter the main harmonies of the simile, Man is unlike the flower—which depends for its greatest perfection upon Man’s cultivation, not on natural selection or fatalistic evolution—a thinking agent gifted with immortal attributes, which he exercises as he toils onward through the material world, until with the coming of Death he blossoms forth, divining and feeling the broader throb of the Universal Soul as he feels it in a lesser degree on this earth in his ideals and aspirations.

* * * *

“Ah! beautiful philosophy of life; so consoling, so merciful, so just when gauged by a broader scale than that of trivial phenomena or conventional science! Yet some men there are—thinking, reasoning, cultivated men—who doubt the future, if one can rightfully call those ‘cultivated’ who lack spiritual sight in these particulars.

"Foolish, vain men! Not content to quarrel and contend with the kernel of text and creed and their conservators, they dare to speak dogmatically of the spirit and Universal Soul in which they live as 'material and decaying,' even while knowing that, apart from everything else in Science, the indestructibility of matter and energy are cardinal truisms capable of demonstration. Meanwhile, they talk and act as though their personal life and thoughts were bounded by the length and breadth of their anatomical extremities, while unable to account for the origin of the very words they utter; not to speak of the supreme mystery of incarnation.

* * * * *

"Ah Man—spirit—linked to the rude elements of physiology, how wond'rous are his powers! Capable of dominating, subduing and training the lower animals to his needs, by the enforcements of laws superior to those of 'natural selection' and fatalistic evolution; capable of constructive reasoning and psychical communion with other spirits through speech; capable of piercing Space, Time and the Stars on the Wings of Imagination; capable of molding the materials of Earth to his purposes and inspirations by the light of Art—sometimes called Science when less mystical;—empowered to send his spirit around the world, under the seas—through the electrical fluid to communicate with other spirits; empowered to materialize emotions into literary form, which, by virtue

of their intrinsic, yet indefinable, laws of harmony and individuality yield the fruits of culture to untold generations, while they are conversed in the Universal Phonograph of which libraries are but the depots, so to speak; capable of molding beautiful conceptions filled with the mysterious breath of Universal Harmony from out of the roughly quarried marble, and of materializing other phases of Nature's strange emotions upon the artificial canvas, as though he were a child striving in his own way to imitate the greater spirit beyond by power of the Light within him! How vain are the mystic's eyes to comprehend all, how limited is his vocabulary to express all the wonder he beholds!

* * * * *

"Meanwhile, what an inconsistent and incongruously constituted creature Man is—even when cultured—in secular and material things; for without an equipoise of spiritual training he is capable of descending far below the animal level in cunning, treachery, hypocrisy, and a thousand vices unknown to the latter.

* * * * *

"Furthermore, in his superior intelligence he finds a vehicle for the satiation of those selfish and brutish desires which are bequeathed him with his animal environment in an undeveloped form, through which he is enabled to sink lower and lower, until premature death or Society finally regulate his actions. And in

the bloody and selfish wars, revolutions, assassinations and murders which deck the records of standard history, we beheld examples of savagery so utterly shocking that beside these acts of Men, the wild beasts are peaceful and harmless in comparison.

* * * * *

"Yet, in line with the fact that desperate diseases often require desperate remedies, stands the truism that Truth often comes disguised in the lurid flames of War to administer heroic remedies in the affairs of Nations and communities.

"In comprehending the physical element of life, through which intelligence is manifested in Man, it will become clear that outside the sphere of vegetation, which, like everything on Earth, is linked to a quality or phase of Universal Energy or Life, the primary characteristics by which we discern life in the lower animals are movement and sound.

* * * * *

"Meanwhile, Man's life is supremely superior in quality obviously as compared with other manifestations of that element in the lower domain of animal Nature. Thus it is we must distinguish between the mere attribute of life, with its tributary instincts of intelligence, and the spirit in Man, which incontrovertibly dominates other phases of life, since he is enabled to improve himself and the subservient forms by that immortal Light which is the Intelligence of the Universe; limited, however, in his comparatively narrow opportunities.

“That Life as we behold it in the animal sphere is eminently allied to Universal Energy or the Universal Soul, is easily apparent—without wading through vast scientific treatises. Thus the Ocean moves and gives forth sounds; the winds stir the trees and make sounds; a river flowing onward is a representation of infinite life, while back in its mountain source we may hear it uttering sounds as it dashes over rocks, broadening out to reach the wide Ocean. Movement of this kind is reflected in the human soul. And the ‘gentle breezes’ or the ‘soft, sensuous music’ of the Ocean as it kisses a sandy beach on a calm summer day, find their reflections in all forms of life.

* * * * *

“All other phases of Nature’s moods may be also found reflected in the abstract sphere of life. It is the poet, ordinarily mistaken for a mere dreamer, who perceives the relation of Infinite Energy at large more readily than the physicist or paradoxical philosopher; for what we know as metaphors, analogies and similes, are but reflections of subtle harmonies and laws which unite all Nature; nature differentiated into various phases of life and energy. Thus, when he sings of ‘the tide of battle,’ the ‘storms of War,’ ‘the Ocean black with terrible rage,’ or in more peaceful tones of other familiar analogies between sleep and death, love and harmony, and so on, he merely illustrates absolute truisms, which prosaic phrase cannot measure or express definitely, but which touch and awaken

receptive chords in the breast of cultured Man. Novelists and other writers also manifest like powers of expression, while musical composers can simulate an extensive scale of emotions in their art. The artist and sculptor can also materialize on canvas and in stone reflections of Nature's varied moods in various accepted art forms.

* * * * *

"Meanwhile all Forms in literature, music, architecture and art possess an intrinsic individuality based upon indefinable and subtle harmonies to which the cultured mind yields instinctive reverence. Thus, a short story written by a master hand may be found to be as perfectly rounded and individualized as a lengthy novel of a like stamp, the same characteristics being manifest in a play, a work of history, a poem, an essay, and all other finished literary productions. Equally is this true of the various musical forms, sonata or dance, symphony or oratorio. The same is applicable to recognized schools and forms in painting and sculpture; while in architecture it is obvious that a cottage or castle, a temple or monument, can all be stamped with individuality such as we see duplicated in the flowers, and all through the perceptible world of Nature. Individualism in artificial forms, however, is manifested necessarily through Man, since Man is the agent who conceives and works out all these phases of wonder. Man in turn is to himself complete, yet his individuality in the abstract

is but a reflex of the supreme or universal Individuality which can only be reached through countless other phases of individualisms which lead on and on upward through spiritual culture and the expansion of the Ego.

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“But let us not fear that those affinities of touch, and voice, and spirit, which we have met and mourned and loved on Earth shall be banished from our future lives, though perhaps we may not meet them again in world shape. It is not absolutely necessary to have human eyes to be capable of loving, since the blind—even the deaf, dumb and blind—manifest that attributive sense. And let us not think that it is the mere externals which contain the spirit we love, since the form and face and denomination serve us merely as methods of individualizing and recognizing those around us. It is the spirit speaking through the clay that we love, not the material casing; though the relation of one to the other naturally excites reverence. Hence it is that we worship tokens and mementoes of dead and absent friends, and when their bodies cease to live with their spirits we place them tenderly away in Nature’s bed, with tears and regret in our hearts.

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“But if we never again behold the external forms of those we love on Earth, what matters it when in the after years our souls will meet and recognize the affinities of touch, and voice, and emotions which come

to us on this earth from out of God's sphere of harmony in other guises? Why should we care for eyes, hands, and lips of clay (warmed with spirit of life); why should we care for our language of limitation and environment—the language of lips and art, and weak symbolism—for the pleasure they bring compared with the fusion of those subtle harmonies through soul into soul in the newer planes of life beyond?

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"And thus as I write filled with unspeakable and inexpressible vision of future possibilities, beyond the power of words or art to fittingly express, I know that this faculty of vision—which belongs to all men who study it—has a logical and physical basis; for all these things which we conceive in our hopes and aspirations are possible—mark ye!—when sanctified by the breath of Harmony and Intelligence. But though the poet sings that every soul is 'capable of nurturing raging hells' within itself as well as boundless love and spirituality, science and every phenomena of life prove that in all-wise and beneficent order of things, Man's capacity for suffering pain and torture, mental and physical, is limited absolutely and clearly; because these are incompatible with physical, mental, or spiritual progress—(I except the penalties of self-abnegation, which, however, must come from Man's volition and intelligence in order to yield fruit). In the first place, morbid thoughts or imaginings if persisted in

would unseat the reason, and without the faculty of apprehending or reasoning intense suffering is not possible—a wise provision which limits mental torture; but men shrink naturally from the thought of losing reason, their most priceless heritage.

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“It is equally demonstrated in the physical sphere that pain and torture cannot be applied to the human organization beyond a certain limited point, or death will follow. And without the power of consciousness and thinking one cannot conceive of pain or suffering. The border line, meantime, between consciousness and unconsciousness is one so slender it may be temporarily effaced by a drug, or by hypnotic means.

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“Thus it is apparent that the human imagination is limited in the sphere of dissonance and darkness, indicating that the capacity of consciousness and life in relation to suffering is already marked out in the supreme chart of the Universe; while on the other side soul and life are nurtured and sustained by those conceptions of Harmony, Love and Peace which lead us up nearer and nearer to the Intelligence beyond, according to that wise and beneficent plan in which we men are participants. That light of intelligence which enables us to identify ourselves in the Ego, though degraded to our passions and basest instincts, can only be nourished and manifested in the environment of concord and peace. When we degenerate, as

so frequently remarked, that light becomes dimmer and dimmer; when the action of the brain is disordered from disease or morbid thinking it becomes equally dim; and as the heart becomes disordered acute consciousness is also reduced in power. The analogy when contemplated conveys a profound lesson in the scheme of life. While proving that the penalty of sin and wrongdoing is mental and spiritual darkness, it unfolds to our vision upon the side of Harmony and Truth, a glorious vista of evolution, the spirit and consciousness in the Ego broadening out and out toward infinity beyond, under subtle conditions, Man's power to schedule or even comprehend.

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"I have stood in the midst of a city's wonders where once the buffalo and red man roamed. Over my head on steel rails ran iron horses propelled by the energy of Nature chained down to Man's spiritual power. Near by were men building beautiful mansions, assisted by agencies named 'mechanical,' while some were removing earth and large rocks by a process called 'blasting,' to make room for the foundations of other houses. I, 'Myyrah,' only contemplated and wondered at these commonplace evidences of Man's strange powers. Then I walked the streets, beholding a thousand yet more wonderful things. Night fell, the sun was shining on the antipodes beyond, yet within every home there was light reflected from the Universal Reservoir. This was manifested

in various forms, through candles, lamps and conduits, while abroad on the streets the sun had also been artificially duplicated. Yet, in the sight of all these evidences of Man's immortality and relationship to the Universal Intelligence, men were doubting and disputing about their personal mutability in sceptic phrases as though there was nothing on earth to wonder at, even while unconscious of the origin of the very thoughts they uttered.

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"So the years passed in my curious life of pondering and searching after elemental Truth, in which I, 'Myyrah,' found a delicious joy that many money Kings would give all they had to share if they only realized it. But it so happens according to the sublime adjustment that money alone cannot purchase the dreamer's heart or the scholar's brain in their intactness, though it can purchase their prostitution; for do we not behold men on every hand prostituting genius through sycophancy and hypocrisy in order to win the favors and smiles of monied ignorance—not honest, unaffected ignorance, but ignorance tricked out in the purchased garments created by artist and scholar.

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"Of doubts and fears I have also had my share like all men; for while contemplating the wonders of earth I grew temporarily indifferent to the wonders of the soul. But an awakening came. One day, wearied in brain from thinking and discussing with

sages of various schools, and utterly worn out in mind, I passed me by a Church. It was evening—a Sabbath evening—with that delicious calm in the air which comes from the Man's influence over and connection with the subtle spirit of Nature. The pealing organ, with its soft tones and unaffected harmonies, came to my ears, bringing to my soul reflections of a soothing and peaceful spirit from out of the Universe of which it was but a part.' The unconscious medium manipulating the manuals and stops which placed him in control of that mysterious language coming from the heart of the instrument, may have little divined of his own mission or powers, yet I felt the influence of his manifested intelligence at that moment. Attracted thither by a nameless impulse I passed into the building, and as I saw the hard faces of conventional pagans and Christian materialists grow a trifle more tender and humane as they entered the sanctuary—many going for good form's sake, or to conciliate their more spiritual wives—the harsh, muscular activity in step and movement which is associated with worldly 'hustling,' giving way to more gentle and nervous actions, thus softening the harsh lines in men's faces, bringing into the dulled eyes a newer light and lending to the personality a newer beauty—I was brought back to the knowledge of fundamental and simple truths. In the sight of these men and women kneeling there in congregation filled with expression of higher reflections of the Universe—though doubtless largely tinged

with the selfishness of the outer world, and the hypocrisy of social formalities—I beheld an eloquent and sublime though humble lesson which lifted from my disordered mind a cloud of doubts and discords. Thus was I, again brought into touch with Truth; thus were the scales removed from my sight. That the minister looked and acted with artistic skill what he in his heart may not have believed or understood, did not lower the value of the intrinsic ceremony or its meaning in my eyes. When he, however, mounted the pulpit and overlooking the lesson and practical Truth, began to twist text and exercise his oratorical faculties with ill-concealed conceit I softly departed. Ah men, men! Learn more of truth than of oratory; practice more than you preach; leave controversy and quibbling to the materialists, lest people suspect that you, too, are hypocrites with the vision only of the worldly wise. Know you, that as man is a child before he is a man; that as one must learn the elements of any science before attaining a comprehension of the principles; so it follows that you cannot comprehend or love God before you fail to comprehend or love your brothers, though you are qualified in all the theological colleges on earth. You cannot love God if your soul is so small that it cannot love mankind. Aye! know you, that until you have cultivated Humanism you cannot aspire to Godliness. When you have passed through college it is only then your true education begins.

"What a sublime mission is yours! Living in the contemplation of the true and beautiful; given ample opportunities to cultivate spiritual instincts and divine attributes; learning to pity and love humanity from year to year as your inner soul expanded, you could carry the light of an Infinite Intelligence with its concomitants of Harmony and Peace into the lives of the poor and unhappy, giving their darkened souls glimpses of another sphere where Peace, Harmony and Light dwell, through your mediumship. In the tender, kindly voice charmed with holy earnestness; in the touch of a sympathetic hand upon your brother's or sister's aching forehead; in the light of your eyes and voice, would he manifest a divine spirit such as Christ brought on earth, and surely the consciousness of being so close to the higher life of the Universe would be compensation ample and supreme, apart from all else. There are, however, thousands and thousands of our brothers and sisters subserving such noble aspirations; soft-voiced women and kindly priests of many denominations who give their lives to benefit their kind; also kindly men abroad in the world—poets and reformers, scholars and dreamers of voice and pen—all seeking in their practical love for humanity the reward which brings them nearer and nearer to other spheres of which we all have an unfathomable comprehension.

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"There are strong men, too, who rise up in the hours

of emergency as neotypes of heroes of the past, in whose sight the blood of tyrants and the sacrifices of patriots count as nothing where Right and Truth are concerned. And Truth comes oftentimes with fire and sword; often only to suffer defeat, too—strange as it may seem. But the defeat is at most only temporary; for in the broad scale of the Universe centuries are reckoned as days in ours, and never a community or Nation yet remained immutable when capable of gross tyranny or violations of moral laws. The pages of history bear evidences of this.

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“Looking round them in their world-life contemplatively, thinking, cultured men behold through the light within them a thousand inconsistencies and apparent incongruities in the order of things to which the ignorant and unthinking are oblivious. These faults are, moreover, made the basis of doubt and unbelief by foolish sceptics, who forget that the intelligence by which they gauge the things below is but a reflection of a higher scale of intelligence which they must reach in spirit before awakening in its consciousness in material shape.

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“What an inconsistent creature is man! In ignorance he would be content, yet in education and the upper-consciousness brought him by culture he beholds only a development which he credits to his own egoism.

MINOR CHORDS.

"The clashing of creeds, races, national systems philosophic schools and all other phenomena of like order, have an obvious meaning despite their apparent inconsistency, I hold; for as mental and spiritual culture in man are conditioned and elevated in quality through the cultivation of fortitude in meeting and striving to overcome these antagonisms with which he has to contend, so families, races and Nations, which are but composite bodies made up individualities, are likewise strengthened and elevated by aiming to attain what is essential in their varied conceptions and systems. It is, furthermore, plain that we all intuitively respect our adversaries in creeds, governmental and National beliefs when they fight us with the weapons of dignity and sincerity and according to noble standards. And here is the supreme truism which justifies the friction of all antagonisms.

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"Consistency to our own honest beliefs in all things is a supreme virtue, if with this attitude we practice tolerance toward our adversaries. Moreover, if, in the mysterious developments of life, conflicts ensue (in which we are necessarily compelled to assume either an offensive or defensive part) we are in the Right, strange as it may seem,— mark you;—if we only fight according to noble and moral standards.

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"It would be vain, foolishly vain, to refuse to see that many glorious examples of self-abnegation and

noble deeds have taken place in the battle-field in the shadow of death, under the flag of home, country and honest belief. There are times also when it is impossible to avert revolution and wars. Coming into the lives of Nations and people, as accidents occur to individuals in ordinary life, they have to be met with the weapons of fortitude and opportunism. In those crises only weaklings shrink from the 'stern logic of necessity.' And as with an individual who meets with a dangerous accident it is necessary to have a limb removed in order to live—in which the unfortunate patient concurs of necessity, since he is given the choice of two momentous alternatives,—so it is that Nations are compelled to rush at each other's throat, through force of laws over which they have no control.

"In this sense I hold that both sides are in the Right equally, if they struggle according to chivalric and lofty standards. Moreover, I dare to solve the problem of the apparent inconsistencies here referred to—those which are discovered in the clashing of creeds and philosophies especially—by claiming that all Men are in the right when each individual believes sincerely in his own conviction—mark ye,—that is, when the intellectual and moral quality of what he believes in is of a high standard. Without the later qualification one might rightly interpret the foregoing theory into an apology for all crimes; because a thief may believe that he is in the right also in defying those moral laws which are linked with the evolution of personal Man and composite society.

MINOR CHORDS.

"There is, however, much that I, 'Myyrah,' or no Man can explain, yet back of all phenomena there is supreme Harmony in the abstract; of that I am conscious.

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"Were those who suffer pain and bodily infirmities (acquired or inherited through the crimes of ancestors, or the selfishness of society) compelled by Natural law to live on to the limit of life written down for those in health; or if the penalty of severe mental torture or cerebral defection were not insanity, idiocy and other apparent results, Nature's scheme would be cruelty indeed. But the operation of cause and effect in this respect is manifestly beneficent and tender; but aside from the temporary indications of relief in that order of phenomena, and behind all lies the valley of Death, beautiful Death, so strangely and wonderfully close to us. In comparison with the abstract plan our world existence is a very very brief spell, in which suffering means comparatively nothing when looked at broadly.

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"In the strange spectacle of Men of honesty and fine intelligence ranged in opposite camps in religion, philosophy, and other vital questions, we are given ample food for curious study. Some are inclined to doubt the potency of logic or reason in the sight of such incongruities, and are at loss to reconcile them even with the theory advanced regarding conviction and Right; for leaders in thought should at least be capable of

seeing farther than the mass of less intellectual people. 'Surely they could unite in the worship of elementary principles apart from the antagonisms induced by individuality, race or National environment!' some one may exclaim. True, yet it is plain that there is in every creed and belief to which intelligent minds subscribe support, some elements of Truth, and Truth is so bright and beautiful that a very few elementary rays shining through a thousand inconsistencies and irregularities in a philosophy or system suffice to illuminate the whole with an atmosphere of their own splendor. Those who cannot behold these inconsistencies and faults as they may be apparent to others standing in other points of view, are—who can gain-say it?—of necessity in this Right in believing in and worshipping what appears to be sanctified by the light of Truth; while on the other hand they may behold the incongruities and errors in the creed or system in which we the others believe.

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"Meanwhile there are conflicting issues on all sides; otherwise there would be unanimity in the dogmas of Jew, Roman Catholic and Protestant; still all are in the Right when they live up to the spirit and essence of their beliefs. For my part I am a Catholic. Of those Eastern religions little can be said.

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"That those who follow in the ways of Confucius, Buddha, and Mahomet are also in the Right is true, but it cannot be forgotten that these systems are sup-

ported by Nations temporarily inferior in intelligence and culture to the Caucasians and Hebrews, and the essential quality and character of religion or belief must be taken into consideration obviously in the premises of the theory advanced.

* * * *

"Christianity is the most divine of all religions, because it is the most utilitarian and humane and it has come down to our time in the van of the high progress, as the conservator of those fundamental truths and moral laws sifted from the Old Testament, while it created a New Testament to redeem mankind from the corruptions which grew up under the old spiritual and governmental principles, to which the pages of the Old Testament bear witness in its stories of cruelty and materialism.

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"Christ the Redeemer rose up in those dark days from out the soul of the Universe to kindle a newer light in the world; thus he became the Redeemer. He taught the true Gospel of spiritual elevation; he preached the relation of all people to God alike, apart from wealth or poverty; he taught newer conceptions of sociology, which have only been partly realized even at present, and in his supreme code of ethics, morals and philosophy as reflected in his teachings and those of his followers, are anticipated almost all of those mystical, spiritualistic, and sociological views now put forth in elaborated forms, as the result of Evolution. In fact one may find within the Bible nearly all of those

rays of elemental Truth that serve as the illuminating essence which light up the ramifications of the standard paradoxical philosopher with intelligence. Christianity has also purified and elevated the ancient Hebrew religion as it is known in Gentile communities, out of which it was partly evolved.

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"No straining of logic or exhibition of clever sophistry can separate Christianity from the high social evolutions in past and contemporary life. All reformers worthy the name have felt its influence either directly or in their social life; without it democracy and constitutional governments—in the virtues of which Agnostic, Jew, Gentile and Christian share alike—would be unknown. Yet it has not yet been fully and truly interpreted. Its standards and ideals are so perfect, that it remains for future generations to, if possible, do it justice.

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"What of the present generation of men, meanwhile—what shall become of you and me who can place our hands on our breasts, knowing and comprehending ourselves in the Ego? That is the question of questions among intellectual and thinking scholars. I, 'Myyrah,' will not pretend to answer it further; yet I am personally content with my individual solution of the problem, believing that the vision acquired through the fruits of study and effort—in which even our very brothers who deride immortality beneficently share—

MINOR CHORDS.

as well as the practice of the virtues as far as possible, will bring their reward in the reawakening of the Ego in those broader planes beyond; those planes of existence which we know of by that mysterious presence which enables us to see the defects in our present world-life and surroundings by comparison.

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"But our earth is still full of light, mystery and joy. Let us not fail to reverence this life and its effects while divining of other spheres, since all are connected by mystical evolutionary ties.

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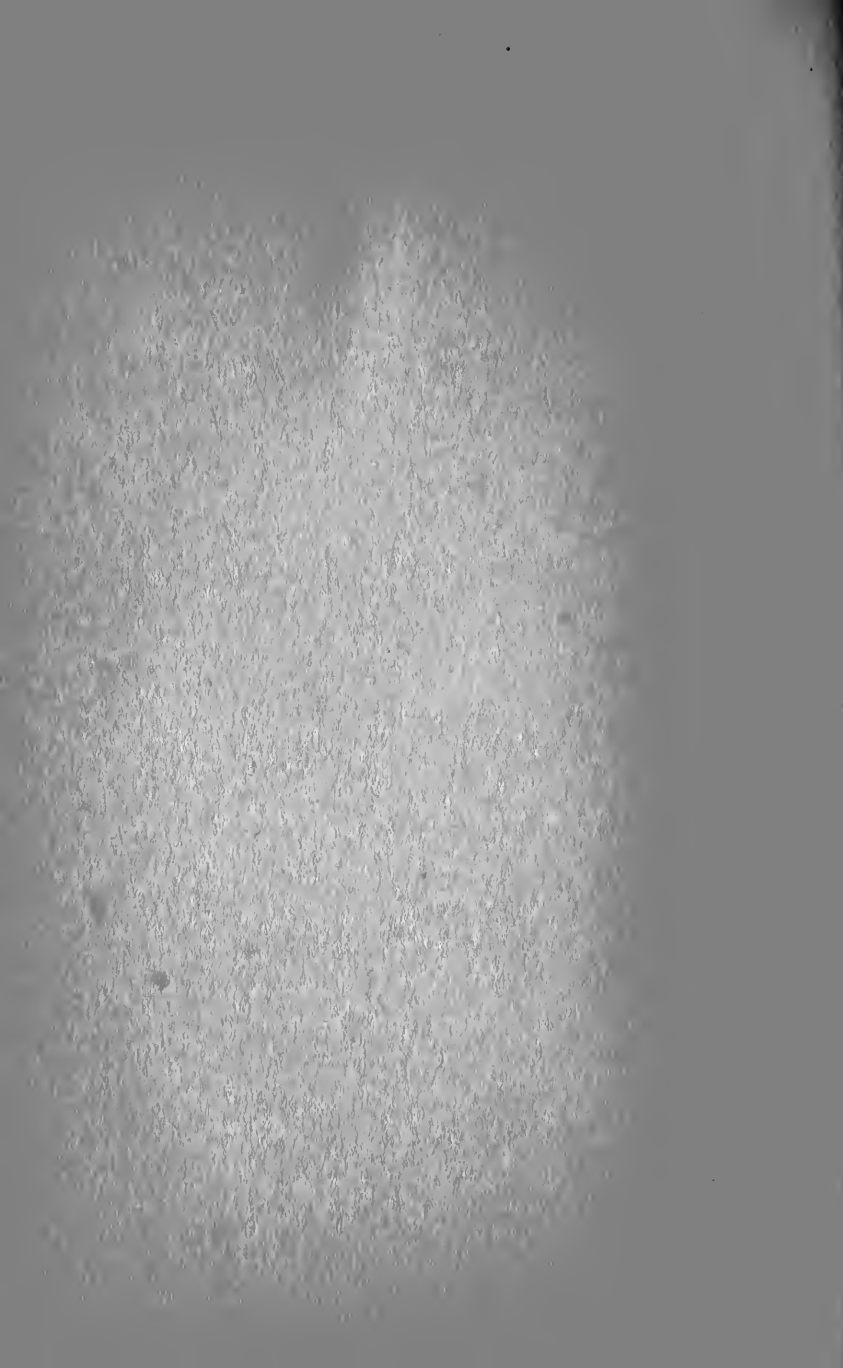
"To be fully understood these reflections must be studied earnestly. If they shall succeed in exhibiting our world life in a newer and more mystical light to students, as the abode of spirits created with strange powers—powers manifest and latent—then indeed shall 'Myyrah the Mystic' be rewarded. Standing near the border line with failing sight and palsied, feeble touch, I await the summons of Death, with a fearless trust in my soul. Were it possible to give me back my young heart and blood again, to reincarnate me on this earth, I would not exchange that reality for the divination which bids me prepare for a higher reincarnation. I await it reverently—wonderingly."

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Here the paper terminates.







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